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TALES OF THE CHURCH.

[Concluded.]

On the morning of the tenth of December, 1520, the two students Heinrich of Aspern and Gebhard of Ems, were seen passing forward in the current of a multitude which accumulated as it swept along. The cheek of Gebhard was pale, that of Heinrich flushed with exultation; and each saw his own looks reflected in those of many around him. Yet the timid conservative was not without a consciousness that there were errors in that Past which he so revered; and the ardent votary of progress, if he cared but little for pope or prelate, had not learned the intolerance of reform.

Onward rolled the innumerable mass of human beings; by the venerable towers of St. John and St. Mark, by the hall of justice and the electoral palace. This now appeared deserted, for Frederick of Saxony with the nobles of his court, was among the thousands of his subjects, and pressing forward with them to the Roslau gate. He needed no guards but the affection of his people, whose interest he had preferred to the imperial crown, when it was offered him by the united voices of the German princes. At the side of the Elector and his brother and successor John, rode the young princes, John Frederick and Maurice, ever memorable in the subsequent history of the Reformation, one of whom triumphed over imperial tyranny by patience and the other by valour.

The procession moved along till having passed the gate, they stood in the plain without the walls. Beside them rolled the free waters of the Elbe, and discernible beyond the Hartz mountains rose free towards, heaven, fit spectators of the scene to be enacted. Prince and people arrayed themselves in due order, leaving in the midst of the vast assembly a space where a pile of wood had already been disposed ready for the application of the torch. Was then the sceptre of Frederick the Wise to be sullied by persecution, and the soil of enlightened Saxony to drink the blood of martyrdom? No, there rose no stake, with its gloomy chain; no human victim was brought near.

There came forth in the central space, clothed in their academic robes, the faculty of the University of Wittenburg. Men looked with interest on the features of the mild Melancthon and the enthusiastic Karlstadt, but when another advanced, all eyes were turned from these, to rest on one whose manly form seemed well suited to his noble task. It was the professor of divinity, the Augustinian monk, Martin Luther.

The Reformer stood in the central space, and bowed towards his sovereign and the concourse around him. "You have deigned," he said, "great prince, to honor with your presence the University which your own bounty established, and surrounded by this multitude of your subjects, to witness, an act in which we are sustained by your power, and as we trust, by Him from whom all power is derived. In the proceedings of this hour, Saxony appeals from the judgment of men to that of the Creator. I, to whom you now deign to listen, stand before you a marked man, denounced and proscribed by that authority which has so long borne sway alike over kings and nations. Yet I stand free, and the thunder of Rome, though it has gone forth, has not yet scathed this brow.—For this, thanks, just and gracious prince, to you, still higher thanks to Him who it may be has destined this to be the dawning hour of freedom to mankind." See then, my sovereign, and you, my fellow subjects, behold how your University receives the unjust commands of usurped authority."

As he ceased speaking, Melancthon unrolled a scroll, and read to the breathless multitude the bull of condemnation, issued by the Pope against Luther. Calm and firm the Reformer stood, while the air rang with the anathemas uttered against that power, which had hitherto proved resistless. Gebhard, of Ems listened with pale cheek and contracted brow, while a glow of joy suffused the features of young Aspern, as he marked the lofty courage of the Reformer reflected in the bearing of the prince.

"Bring forward, reverend brethren," said Luther, when the reading of the bull was finished, "those volumes on whose false assertions rest the claims of the Pope of Rome to the obedience of Christians."

They were brought forward,—books of the canon law, decretals and bulls of pontiffs, from the letter that pope Siricius wrote to Himerus in 385, to the most recent decrees of the infamous Alexander and the warlike Julius. At the same time, Karlstadt applied the torch, and the flames burst forth on every side of the ready pile. One by one, the documents were thrown upon the burning wood; and last of all, Luther, receiving from his associate the bull of pope Leo against himself, cast it upon the flames, exclaiming "Because ye have troubled the saints of the Lord, therefore let eternal fire trouble you."

Winter had come and gone, and the spring of 1521 had renewed the beauty of nature, when on the road approaching the village of Eisenach from the direction of Worms, the great reformer was travelling, accompanied by his firm friend, Justus Jonas. Luther still wore the monastic habit, in which he had presented himself, at the command of the Emperor, before the prince and clergy assembled at Worms. From the gates of that city, a concourse of admiring friends, the high and the lowly alike, had accompanied him, some for a shorter, others for a longer distance. Now all had returned except the one companion, with whom he purposed to repair again to the scene of his usual labors in Wittenberg.

"Believe me, Doctor Martin," said his fellow-traveller, "I little thought, when I heard your defence before the Diet, that you and I would be thus riding calmly together, at liberty, on the road to our own home."

"You thought" said Luther, "that the Emperor would violate his own safe conduct, as Sigismund did at Constance? Many thought so; I did not. Yet had I anticipated the fate of Huss for myself, it would I trust, have made no difference in my bearing."

"You had no fears then for your life, in meeting this crowd of bigoted enemies?"

"None of a direct violation of the safe-conduct. Charles is too young and too ambitious, to stain his reputation with such an act. But there are dangers, Doctor Justus, more formidable because unseen. Yet what matters it? Poison or the dagger could but do what raging fever or painful decay would otherwise have done. It is but the question of a few years more or less, and that is well left in higher hands. As to danger, I am not yet beyond it, nor expect to be, while life lasts."

"Truly, if they lay the ban upon you"—

"I might bear the ban of the Empire, with as little harm as I did that of the pope. Yet I know it is very doubtful if I reach even this little town before us. But enough." And the reformer broke from the conversation into one of his own stanzas, his deep and powerful voice doing justice to the strain which has since resounded on the battle-fields of German freedom, and in the homes of German piety.

"And if the world with friends were full,
All ready to devour,
We would not yet our courage lose,
Nor tremble at their power.
Their chief, in the height
Of his ire and his might,
In vain is his pride,
For himself hath been tried;
A word can crush his power.

"Thy word by foes unharmed shall stand,
Nor thanks to their forbearing,
'Tis granted to our earnest prayers,
Our Father's mercy sharing.
Take all that we claim,
Wife, children, lands and name,
Life itself may be reft,
Still our treasure is left;
The kingdom yet is ours."

As the strain concluded, the travellers observed two men, well armed and mounted, and their faces covered with masks, who had suddenly appeared in front, as if to oppose their progress. A glance in their rear, as their attention was drawn thither by the sound of horses' hoofs, showed them that two others, similarly furnished with those in front, had emerged from the wood and cut off their retreat.

The hasty exclamation of Justus was checked by the calm decision of his companion. "We are surrounded," said Luther, "we cannot fly, and we must not fight. Though yet," he added, raising his noble form to its full height, "but that it becomes not a priest to strive, I would fain wrest his battle-axe from one of them, and at least die fighting. Justus, they seek not your life, and you can do me no good by remaining, and much by leaving me. Go to Philip Melancthon, bid him be prudent, yet be bold. Nay, linger not my brother, as thou would'st have my parting blessing."

"I go, that I may return for thy rescue" cried Jonas, and dashing past the masked cavaliers, who offered neither hindrance nor pursuit, he was soon out of sight.

The party now rode up and surrounded the reformer. "Reverend father," said their leader, "we are sent by one whose power may not be questioned, to conduct you to a place where he wills you to remain. Resistance will be useless, and perfect respect will be paid to your person and your convenience."

"I cannot resist your power," replied Luther, "and am ready to be led to bonds or to death, as you may be instructed to conduct me. But surely, soldier, I have heard that voice before."

"I am not permitted to converse further," replied the officer. "Comrades, close up. March." And turning from the high road, through unfrequented ways, they were soon far beyond pursuit.

The evening of the succeeding day brought them to a small castle, in a secluded situation. There was no appearance of military precaution, beyond what existed in every such residence at that period. The draw-bridge was lowered, the portcullis raised; no flag waved from the turret; and in the rich valley that lay around, the husbandmen were pursuing the labors of the spring. Yet a practised eye might see, that draw-bridge and portcullis were in readiness to defy assault at a moment's warning; the banner of the house was ready to be thrown to the breeze; and at the first call of the trumpet, the tillers of the soil would have rushed to arms in its defence.

"Here" said the leader to his companions, as they paused within sight of the castle, beyond pursuit or suspicion by friend or foe, we may reveal ourselves to our honored prisoner." As he removed his mask, Luther exclaimed, "Heinrich of Aspern!"

"Yes, reverend father and guide," said the young noble, "Heinrich of Aspern, your pupil, now in the service of the Elector. By my sovereign's orders, I have thus with seeming violence, withdrawn you from that pursuit which is now making for you by the cruel orders of the Emperor and the Diet."

"And this castle?"—

"Is the Wartburg, one of the least known of my master's fortresses. Here you will reside, in the enjoyment of liberty and of such accommodations as the place can furnish, till this storm shall have blown past." S. G. B.

DEATH THE ENTRANCE TO A HIGHER LIFE.

[From Dr. Gannett's Discourse delivered at the Funeral of Rev. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY, D. D.]

To one who has realized such a life, what we call death ceases to have the character usually ascribed to it. It is a circumstance in the course of his experience, not the end of his being; a circumstance connected with momentous consequences, but not the terrific fact which fills so many minds with dread. To die is to pass into a more intense consciousness of life,—to lay aside the incumbrance of the flesh which impaired the force of that consciousness here, and to become more sensible, through spiritual affinities and an actual participation, of the divine element which pervades all nature. Death is the entrance to a higher and fuller life. Wonder not that I repeat a truth so rich in consolation, but so different from the views which many persons entertain. Death is not spoken of in the New Testament as the violent change which it is so often represented as being. "It is expedient for you," said our Lord, "that I *go away*." "The time of *my departure* is at hand," exclaimed the Apostle. What gentle words are these, in which to allude to the event from which multitudes shrink back in alarm! Are they words which may be used only concerning the Master and the chief of his followers? Why not concerning all who, having the life of Christ, may take his death as a type of their own? With him, who "by patient continuance in well doing" has sought after a glorious immortality, to die is to cast off those infirmities which hindered the soul's enjoyment of its own existence here, and to rise to a larger and nobler experience of what has already been found congenial to the capacities of an immortal nature. With him on whom it may be believed by those he has left behind that the sentence has been pronounced, "Well done, good and faithful servant," the change which introduces him "into the joy of his Lord," can only be an enlargement of the exercises which united him to his master here. Since with him "to live" was "Christ," "to die" must be "gain."

Under this view, the time and manner of the soul's departure from its present "tabernacle" are seen to be of but little importance. In the haste of our grief at the death of a friend, we may speak of it as premature, and so it may appear to a judgment guided by mortal associations. But if the event itself be only a circumstance in the progress of an immortal nature towards perfection, it cannot with propriety be styled premature. He who has died, has in fact surmounted a great obstruction in his way to glory, an obstruction which interrupted his full experience of life; how can the removal of such an obstruction take place too soon? We speak of sudden death as a calamity,—but to whom? Not to him who is prepared for the change; to him no more a calamity than any other sudden access of happiness. Nor to those who remain behind is it an unmitigated calamity, since they, through the strength of their love overpowering the sense of bereavement, may participate in the joy of him who has risen from the confinement of his earthly abode, to the mansions whose walls embrace the universe and rest on eternal foundations. He was pressing on, and God stretched out his hand and helped him forward. He has gained what he was continually seeking, less constraint and more enjoyment in the use of his faculties. We lament that one is taken from society in the midst of his strength and at the height of his usefulness; but do we not know that the Father will give a wider sphere of influence to him who has been faithful here? Usefulness is not confined to earth, nor is strength buried in the grave. Weakness and mortality are there dissolved into dust, but strength goes with the spirit to its celestial labors.

REV. W. B. O. PEABODY.

[From Dr. Gannett's Discourse.]

In him whose presence can now be restored to you only through memory was seen a most impressive example of *the true life*. So far as that life consists in an intimate sense of God, he realized its blessedness to an extent beyond what has been reached by most of those of whom it might be said, that they "walked with God." Of this communion and the effect which it had on his character, the last few years have presented special evidence. It was my privilege, and one which I have ever since regarded as among God's great mercies, to listen to conversation which he held soon after the bereavement that took from him her whom he so beautifully pronounced "the queen of his heart;" and the impression which it made on me will never be erased. One thought seemed to fill his mind,—it was the thought of God. From that he drew his comfort, from that the peace which settled on his heart. Sorely afflicted as he was,—beyond the sorrow of most mourners, for she whom he had lost had been a guardian angel, to whom he owed more than tongue could tell—he uttered no word of complaint, distrust, or fear. He spoke only of the Presence that encompassed his soul, and in which his soul lived, as in an element that sustained its vitality. But why refer to my recollections, when your own bring back to your minds the words with which he met you here for the first time after that event. "It is but natural," said he then, "that I should look back on the consolations which I have offered you in your sorrow, and I find that I have not dwelt sufficiently on that one which embraces all the rest, I mean the blessed thought of God. I am not conscious now of deriving my support from the thought of meeting my best friend again It is a blessing, but it is not the support; the support is the sympathy of God and the Saviour, and their sustaining presence in the soul. I feel that they are with me. My heart desires no more." "I rejoice, therefore," continued he, as he closed that most touching address, "to remember that I have long implored you to turn your hearts to God. I know that the willingness to do this was a blessing, but how great a blessing I never knew till now. It can make the deathbed and the house of mourning bright; it gives peace, of which I never could have dreamed, to the wounded and suffering heart." I think you must be ready to say with me, that if ever language of a deep and true piety flowed from the heart of man, it expressed itself in these few words; and in the whole strain of discourse which then and ever after, as also before, marked both his private intercourse and his public services.

Of his faithfulness in his ministerial relations you need not to be reminded. With this pulpit you have scarcely any other association, formed during the more than twenty-six years of his ministry, than that of his presence. Nor did he, because he preached much to his own people, indulge himself in the habit of repeating his sermons. On the contrary, he brought you the fresh results of his thought and experience. His discourses were written without labor, for with him to write was a pleasure rather than a task, but they were not crude nor unfinished productions. They were weighty with instruction, and were clothed in that easy and graceful style of expression for which he was remarkable.—a style which showed a rare union of delicacy of taste with affluence of imagination. A much higher merit, however, was the character of the thought with which his sermons were filled. They were eminently Christian sermons. Of late years, particularly, they bore this stamp. Let who might be the hearer, it was impossible for him not to feel that this preacher had sat at the feet of Jesus a docile pupil, had listened to his instructions in reverential faith, and contemplated his cross with profound emotions of gratitude and love. To the diligence with which he attended on his pastoral duties, and the value of those counsels, and the affectionateness of that sympathy, through which he made his visits to your homes occasions of benefit as well as pleasure, your own hearts are ready to bear witness. His afflictions, while they withdrew him altogether from the circles of gaiety, in which he had never delighted, increased the tenderness of his interest in those to whom he sustained the relation of pastor, and gave a deeper tone to the solemnity of his admonition. You have lost, Christian friends, as you well know, a a teacher and pastor such as few congregations are permitted to enjoy. And you—it must be soothing to your grief now to remember—held his services in just appreciation, and, in these days of ecclesiastical instability, gave him proof of your unbroken confidence and esteem.

He was a man of work. His habits were those of diligence in acquisition and rapidity in communication. The amount of intellectual labor which he accomplished during the last winter and spring was very great; too much for a system which sorrow and exertion had already weakened, and on which, as we now learn, insidious disease had fastened itself. Of the fidelity of that self-culture which respects the moral nature, he presented a most instructive and encouraging instance. By a noble and successful perseverance in right purpose, with that assistance from above which is promised to every faithful spirit, he matured the principles of righteousness in his soul, till they became like the tree whose roots strike deep beneath the surface of the ground, while its branches afford a grateful shade to those who seek their wide protection. Especially was he assiduous in profiting by the discipline that God laid on him, through the bereavements which stripped his home of its lights and prostrated the joys that had grown up within his heart. We have seen that he never murmured, but trusted in the Almighty Will, whose decisions could not be reversed. Patience and submission, however, were not the only fruits of his suffering. He bent his back to the burthen, and then rose up to pursue his path towards perfection, with that burthen as a continual incitement to exertion, rather than an argument for self-indulgence. His own prediction was fulfilled to the letter, his promise kept unbroken, — "Without a single misgiving or doubt I shall take my shoes on my feet and my staff in my hand, and go on in the way of duty, desolate though it be, I trust with more faithfulness than ever, so long as it pleases God." Yes; with a faithfulness continually ripening towards "the fullness of Christ," did he go on his way, even when it became more desolate than it appeared under the gloom which hung over it at the time when he uttered these words.

He seemed to stand among us a monument of the desolation which may come upon the dearest children of God. The wife of his bosom and the daughter of his hope were taken,—she who had been as constant in her love as she had proved herself noble in character, and she whose excellence unfolded itself so rapidly beneath the chastening hand of God, that it filled him with admiration, and, as he himself said, made him seem to realize an experience like that of the "wanderer who, when falling upon the mountain side, grasped a small plant for support, and thus brought to light the rich mines of Peru." She too vanished from his sight. But the faith which he had shown in his former trial he exhibited now, only with an added meekness of resignation that made his example almost strangely beautiful. It seemed now as if he felt himself standing between the two worlds of being, and looking into heaven, that he might speak of its visions to those by whom he was surrounded on earth. His manner of address became more earnest and affectionate; his desire to bring you into an acquaintance with your own higher capacities and relations, more ardent. He spoke freely of himself, of his outward and inward experience. And if he did not speak with effect, it was not from a want of whatever constitutes the loftiest quality of sacred eloquence. I know of nothing in the whole range of pulpit discourse, written or unwritten, which in tenderness of feeling, solemnity of purpose, or exquisite beauty of sentiment, surpasses the address which he made in this place after the death of the daughter whose light had so revived his stricken heart.

As a theologian, Dr. Peabody cared not to place himself among the champions of any class of religious opinions. Decided in his own belief, frank in its avowal, and "ready always to give an answer to every one that asked him a reason of the hope that was in him," he had none of the temper of the dogmatist or the sectarian. He overlooked the divisions of sect, that he might embrace the good and devout of every communion. As in every man he saw a brother, so in every Christian he recognized a fellow-heir of "the grace of life." The amenity of disposition and the personal humility which sealed his lips against all censorious or injurious remark, disposed him to avoid the asperities of theological warfare. Hence, during his whole residence in this town, he was a peacemaker, regarded with scarcely less confidence beyond, than within the limits of his own congregation. His exhortation was that of one who neither loved strife, nor felt any superiority over those who differed from him.—"Cherish," said he, "with all your care the spirit of your Master, and remember that his spirit can dwell only in a gentle, forbearing, patient and loving heart." Such a heart he carried in his own breast, and if we desire proof that it was understood in this community, we need only look on this concourse of mourners, and observe how entirely sectarian differences are forgotten in a common sorrow.

THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

FROM G. W. BRIGGS' TWO SERMONS.

When I think of grand moral reformations in the Providence of God, I never think of the isles suddenly thrown up by some volcanic force, astonishing the seaman in the morning, as he looks where it was the unbroken sea at evening. I think of the coral insect, working silently in ocean's deepest caves, succeeded by numberless laborers in long succession, until at length, broad islands, continents themselves arise, to stand unshaken while the sun and moon shall endure.

We cannot speedily accomplish such great redemptions. Let us apply these thoughts to some familiar instances. For it is well, at all times, to have a comprehensive view of these great moral movements, and we also wish, before we close, distinctly to ask, how such views affect the question of any specific devotion to those projects of philanthropy which are now moving the world.

A lamentation is heard because the spirit of peace makes so little progress. How small its influence upon the spirit of war! Not only are the base and lawless ready for the battle. The conscientious also call it glorious, and go out to its murder. No lofty statesmanship, no power of intellect or genius, can receive one tithe of the honor instantly given to the victorious warrior. We dwell in almost heathen darkness, in respect to this vital principle of the spirit of Jesus. The reformation is too great to be accomplished *yet*. I do not expect the reign of peace between the nations, until the nations until the individuals that compose them ascend more nearly to a christian love. Individual hearts must subdue their contentious spirit, by gazing upon the cross, and the home must have no bitter strifes around its hearth-stone, and societies must hush their bickerings, and the life of the forgiving prayer of Jesus must win many victories, before governments will disband their armaments. You who are not dwelling in that forgiving love, are responsible for the delay of that glorious hour. You who pray for peace, perhaps, but are unforgiving in your life, may be as guilty as one who sharpens the sword. When you will not let the spirit of Jesus come into your souls, you bring the wars over which you mourn. This triumph of peace is a work too great to be speedily accomplished, according to the unfailing law of noble progress.

We are like impatient children, if we are discouraged or cease from our labors, because, no where as yet, can we see the fires really kindled at the forges in which men are to fashion their swords into ploughshares, or beat into pruning-hooks their spears.

The lamentation is heard again, because slavery remains unshaken by all these pleadings for freedom. Government upholds it. New territories are subjected to its blight and curse. The state and the church, citizen and priest, sometimes rise up in its defence. But again the same general thoughts press upon our view.—Slavery has a foundation far deeper than certain laws. What made those laws? It is a greater work to overturn it than simply to change such laws, whatever they may be. Black, indefensible, atrocious as it is, it seems to me no strange product of the general selfishness of the world. These reformations progress so slowly, because they require an apprehension of the doctrine of christian love, an overwhelming sense of christian obligation for their accomplishment, which must revolutionize the thought, motive, action of men, in a thousand ways beside. The whole ocean moves to raise the tide at a single point. God is designing now one of those enduring regenerations of the race, whose results shall be unfolding themselves in all ages to come. An outward change in the world may be speedily accomplished. Its christianization is the work of many generations. Believers ask to day, in an agony of doubt and fear, "Where is the coming of the Lord?" War rages like a fiend of hell to desolate the world. Chains are galling into human flesh. We scarcely know, at times, whether Jesus, or his crucifiers, shall really triumph. But what a work it is to bring a millennial glory upon a benighted world! We are not to sit down in despondency, because a work so vast seems to advance so slowly.—Every moment of its delay, will be more than compensated by the greatness of its blessing. We are to deem it the noblest privilege to do any thing towards designs of grace which are so majestic. I suppose that the higher spirits of higher worlds, co-workers there with God,—whose purer vision must apprehend designs of love immeasureably surpassing our utmost thought—may find the same disproportion between their particular workings, and the beneficent unfoldings of mercy which they contemplate. Yet it is a rapture *there* to witness one sinner's repentance; to aid in any single ministry in a grace so infinite. In a kindred lowliness and joy, man must go to the lowliest work permitted him to do.

"WE MUST DO JUSTLY."

Does any one ask at this late day, when the giant wrong, which our country legalizes and fights for, threatens to strip us of the dearest attributes of freedom and humanity—does any one ask, What have we to do with the injustice that exists not here but in another part of the land? I answer freely, distinctly, emphatically nothing. In simple justice we have no right to have anything to do with it. We have no right to stand guard over it as we do with our unjust prejudices, more fatal than muskets or artillery. We have no right to surrender to it the sacred principle of freedom of speech, as we have done. We have no right to afford it the broad protection of our silence, as we do. We have no right to allow it to flourish in the capital of the nation as we do. We have no right to aid in extending and perpetuating and fighting for it, as, may God have mercy on us! we are doing. As we are doing all these unjust things, we are guilty of interfering most impertinently with things with which we have no right to interfere. We must turn over a new leaf, and learn, hard as the lesson may be, to mind every one his own business. And what is our business! Why, to do justly. It is what God specially requires of us, to cease from doing evil; to maintain freedom of speech, that precious thing, without which our civil security is but stubble, which the outbursting fires of violent passions may at any moment consume; to guard the public liberties in the person of the meanest of the land; to destroy injustice of all kinds and let the voice of humanity, the swelling key-note of the world, be heard, pleading for the right. This is the business, this the just thing, which we have to do, every man and woman of us, and of which, as surely as we are here this day, we must give an account. Nay, the account has been taken in part already, and the retributions of God are upon us in this bloody war into which we are plunged. But even worse things will come upon us if we do not the plain will of Heaven. This is what they who are laboring in the despised cause of justice are striving to persuade us to do, simply to attend each to his own most urgent and important business. Whether the men of the South will cease from their unauthorized interference with the sacred rights of those whom they claim as their property, it is for them to say. But whether they will or not, we must mind our own business, and do justly, without favor or fear, and at all hazards. This is our own particular concern, nearer to us than house or land or life itself. As, O men, you would possess the good which God hath showed you, and do what he requires, take care how you meddle any longer, or countenance others in meddling, with the inalienable rights of the meanest of your fellow men. That is interference with other men's matters with which they are chargeable who hold men and women as their property to be bought and sold. It is an insult to our common humanity. It must come to an end and it will, let the wealth and blood of the nations be poured out ever so freely to perpetuate it. For God hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what does he require of us but that we do justly? He has written it in our hearst, and his providence is bringing out the Divine hand-writing in ever clearer and more flaming characters until it shall flash conviction on the darkest mind, and the barbarism of claiming man as property shall be annihilated forever! [Furness's Derby Lectur

A LESSON TOUCHING POVERTY.

Burns was born poor, and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavor to be otherwise; this it had been well, could he at once and for all have admitted, and considered as finally settled. Poverty, incessant drudgery, and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of Poets and wise men to strive with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor; and wrote his "Essay on Human Understanding," sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed his "Paradise Lost?" Not only low, but fallen from a height; not only poor, but impoverished; in darkness, and with dangers compassed round, he sung his immortal song, and found fit audience, though few. And what then had these men, which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men. They had a true religious principle, and a single, not a double aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshipers; but seekers and worshipers of something far better than self. Not personal enjoyment was their object, but a high heroic idea of religion, of patriotism, of heavenly wisdom, in one or the other form, ever hovered before them, in which cause they neither shrunk from sufferings, nor called on the earth to witness it as something wonderful, but patiently endured, counting it blessedness enough so to spend and be spent. Thus the "golden calf of self-love," however curiously carved, was not their deity, but the invisible goodness, which alone is man's reasonable service. This feeling was as a celestial fountain, whose streams refreshed into gladness and beauty, all the provinces of their otherwise too desolate existence. In a word, they willed one thing to which all other things were subordinate and made subservient, and, therefore, accomplished it. The wedge will rend rocks, but its edge must be sharp and single; if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces, and will rend nothing.

[Thomas Carlyle.

MISAPPREHENSIONS OF ENGLISH UNITARIANS.

In the last Inquirer which has come to hand, there is revealed one cause of the misapprehension of our English Unitarian brethren. It is in the description of the state of feeling among Unitarians in America, as given by Rev. S. May, Jr. in a letter to the Liberator of the 4th. of June last, and which we first saw as republished in the London Inquirer. It will be found below, with the accompanying communications as they appeared in the Inquirer. And after the letter, we copy the testimony of the New York Evangelist, appearing in the same Inquirer, as an off-set. Those of our English brethren, who have taken the position of Mr. Estlin, have the means of correcting their judgments, if they are willing to correct them. They have the testimony not solely of the arraigned, on the one side, as Dr. Dewey's, nor of the impeaching party in this country. And in regard to Dr. Dewey himself there is a communication in the same Inquirer, which coming from the source it does, must go far to show our brethren on the other side of the water, that they have been hasty and unjust in their judgments, and have cast out names as evil which they should have continued to cherish and honor. It is as follows:—

Sir,—In a letter received from my friends, Mr. Wm. Metcalf, late of Battle, dated Brooklyn, June 14th, he states that—"on the two previous Sundays, Dr. Dewey has been preaching on war and slavery, when he openly and uncompromisingly denounced both."

26 Regend Square, July 9. GEORGE KENRICK.

MR. BISHOP'S LETTER.

Mr. Bishop sends the letter of Mr. May, which we give below, to the London Inquirer for publication, and introduces it with these remarks:—

To the Editor of the London Inquirer.

SIR,—The following communication appears in Mr. Garrison's paper, the *Liberator*, of the 4th June last. It is from the pen of the Rev. Samuel May, Jr. Unitarian Minister of Leicester, Massachusetts, and will doubtless be read with great interest on this side of the Atlantic, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the big character of the writer, who, from his visits to this country, is almost as well known, and, therefore as much esteemed,—for the one is the consequence of the other,—by the Unitarian body in England as by his brethren in America. No one, I presume, will call in question his testimony, which is peculiarly valuable, as coming from one in every way competent to form a just opinion, and whose high reputation gives additional force to his views.

To such of our readers as have not hitherto paid much attention to the subject, but who are desirous of knowing the true character of the Institution which, according to Mr. May, the American Unitarians, as a body, view with "blank indifference," I would respectfully recommend a perusal of Mr. Estlin's excellent "Notice of American Slavery," published by Chapman—Chambers' Tract, No. 27, vol. 3—and especially the "Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses," reprinted by Barker, in the first volume of his Library.

I more than doubt if, after the insight into American slavery which these publications afford, there would be found one English Unitarian eager to welcome, either to the pulpit or the parlor, any ministers from America, however brilliant their talents or amiable their manners, who can live side by side with such a system, and never lift up the voice of admonition and rebuke against those who are systematically engaged in carrying on its hideous atrocities and foul abominations; and who, reserving all their pity and sympathy for the *slave-breeders* and *slave-buyers*, spend their indignation on the heads of those who are sufficiently honest and manly, actively to espouse the traduced and unpopular cause of Abolitionism.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, FRANCIS BISHOP.

Exeter, July 1847.

REV. MR. MAY'S LETTER.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION—SLAVEHOLDING OFFICERS.

SIR,—From some correspondence which took place in the *Liberator* the past winter, your readers may recollect that the Association above named, during the past year, was ascertained to have one or more slaveholders among its officers. At the business meeting of the Association which occurred last week, I presented the three following resolutions, referring, as will be seen, to the above mentioned facts:—

"Resolved,— that we believe slaveholding to be in direct opposition to the law and will of God, entirely incompatible with the precepts and spirit of Christianity, and wholly at variance with a Christian profession; and therefore,—

"Resolved,—that no slaveholder ought to be elected to any office or agency in this Association.

"Resolved, also,—That the public apologist for slavery is, in our view, involved in the sin of slaveholding, at least equally with the slaveholder."

Objection was made, by one gentleman, to the expression, "Christian profession" and "apologist for slavery," that they were so indefinite in their meaning, that he could not vote for the resolutions! With a view to obviate this difficulty, and induce an expression of opinion on the matter more immediately in controversy, I presented the resolutions in a new form, thus:—

"Resolved,—That we believe slaveholding to be in direct opposition to the law and will of God, and entirely incompatible with the precepts and spirit of Christianity; and therefore,—

"Resolved,—That no slaveholder ought to be elected to any office or agency in this Association."

After some hours' discussion, it was voted to take the question on the two resolutions separately. The first was adopted, one vote only being given in the negative. The second, by a considerable majority, was laid on the table. In justification of this course, it was affirmed that, under the new Constitution adopted this year, and which does away with the entire board of honorary Vice-presidents, it was scarcely possible for the case to arise, in which a slaveholder would be a candidate for any office. This opinion entirely failed of being established. But, granting it to be so, was nothing called for by the past course of the Association, and by its position relative to slaveholders, up to the very last week? It has now freed itself, I believe, from the charge of having any slaveholding officer; but this it does, in the indirect way of abolishing the entire board on which the slaveholding names stood. The Association refuses to give any distinct guarantee of its future course in the matter. It is proper that I should say, that the majority of those who took part in the debate declared that they would not vote for a slaveholder to any office in the Association. Why they were unwilling to say the same thing by their vote, others can judge as well as I.

I am heartily sorry, and have some feeling of shame, that the American Unitarian body will not take a high, true and efficient position, with respect to the great sin and wide-spread corruption of the nation. Its leading influences, and its high places, for the most part, are altogether given over to what I must call—judging the tree by its fruits—a blank indifference to the whole subject of slavery. Yet I know, that in its ranks are to be found some warm and true friends of the slave, and fearless opponents of slavery's ten thousand arts and encroachments. But this cannot avail to save the body from merited dishonor and condemnation, so long as the influences I have spoken of continue the prevailing ones. Let those who have not shrunk from this unpopular cause in years past stand forth, more than ever, its dauntless and uncompromising defenders, allying themselves everywhere to those of like precious faith, and it will speedily be seen that He who is for us, is mightier than all they who are against.

S. M. JR.

TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

"The American Unitarian Association, at its meeting in this city, during Anniversary week, added to the faithful and explicit testimony already rendered by that denomination against Slavery, by adopting the following resolution;—'Resolved, That we believe slaveholding to be in direct opposition to the law and will of God, entirely incompatible with the precepts and spirit of Christianity, and wholly at variance with a Christian profession.'"

"The Unitarians, thanks to the good influence of the noble-hearted Dr. Channing, have, from the beginning, deserved the greatest credit for their consistent and manly ground in favor of religion, civilization, and humanity against slavery."

The above is from the *New York Evangelist*, a paper which has taken a very decided stand against Slavery in all its forms. It has a vast circulation, and we cannot but hope that great good will result from the firm, consistent and Christian course which it is pursuing on this subject. [Lon. Inquirer.]

LETTER OF MR. J. B. ESTLIN.

In the London Inquirer of June 12th, a letter was published addressed by the Mr. J. B. Estlin of Bristol, to Rev. Edward Taggart, Secretary to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association,—"On the present position of English Unitarians, in reference to the American Slavery Question." We have been requested to publish the letter, but declined publishing it as a whole—partly on account of its length, and partly on account of some of its offensive personalities. We have concluded, however, to publish large extracts from it—embracing, indeed, all those passages, with one exception, which relate to the position and action of Unitarians in regaid to the subject of Slavery. Our readers, by a perusal of these extracts, will perceive how stoutly our brethren abroad are laboring, (*at the request and instigation of a few of our brethren at home*) to force the Unitarian body in America, in all action in regard to Slavery, to shape their course, by *their* superior knowledge and judgment, and be guided by *their* light and conscience instead of *our own.** Mr. Estlin begins by stating his impression that the subject of American Slavery has not been examined into, by many of the English Unitarians, "with the attention which its importance demands." He says:

"I am, anxious that the reason should be understood why we ought to be prepared for a reagitation of the subject at any future anniversary, when allusion is made to our Unitarian brethren in the United States. Indeed it does not seem improbable that, with our increasing insight into the character and the supports of American Slavery, some of our members may feel it a duty to bring the matter forward irrespective of any other reference to American Unitarians."

* * * * *

"I am very desirous of directing attention to the *religious* aspect in which we must regard the Slavery of America, and of showing the manner in which it receives its main support from the *Church* Associations of the United States."

Mr. E. here proceeds to state the number of slaves in the U. S., their privations as to letters, and religious knowledge and privileges, their social disabilities, and the various other crying evils and wrongs to which they are subjected;—[in just abhorrence of all which evils, and in wise, Christian efforts for their removal, we claim, (almost as an entire body) not to be behind our English brethren, or any others,—however less pretension and parade we may make about it.]

He proceeds to say:—

"With such facts full in view, it is not to be wondered at, that however much the American Abolitionists differ among themselves upon the mode of carrying out their anti-slavery purposes, there is one point upon which they are unanimous,—namely, that these evils, and all the others connected with Slavery, owe their continuance to the religion of the country,—that it is the respectability and support by the Ecclesiastical bodies of their land, which maintains Slavery. Even bishops and other ministers are frequently holders of slaves, and all the important lay-officers in the church in the Southern States are often filled by slaveowners. Now the Abolitionists all agree in maintaining, that if, instead of the sanction thus given to this iniquity, ministers of the Gospel were to speak out against the national sin as its enormity demands, (instead of being *silent* upon it, or calling the Scriptures to furnish arguments in its defence,) Slavery would immediately terminate.

Upon those religious bodies in the United States which are most numerous, the greatest responsibility in the matter, of course, rests. These are the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, and the Episcopalians; but I regret to believe, that the Unitarians, in proportion to their number, are almost as answerable as other sects, for the encouragement they afford to the continuance of Slavery.

The *personal* character which the anti-Slavery contest in America is now assuming, occasions it to be painfully searching to the religious professions of that country, lay and clerical, and renders it very distasteful to us. But we must

view the facts as they really are, and we shall find, that so long as denouncing "*Slavery in the abstract*," was all that was required of the friends of the slave, there was no deficiency in the number of his patrons, and no progress in the loosening of his chains. The true friends of the bondsman, however, can no longer consent to treat Slavery as an *abstraction*, they look upon it as a grievous cruelty, and a positive sin; they regard the slaveholder, and the supporters of the system, as *sinners*: and maintain that those only who thus view the matter can be considered as sincere in the desire to free their country from the guilt which now attaches to it.

The Abolitionists of America most feelingly appeal to the religious associations of this country to aid them with that moral influence which the expression of their opinions exerts upon the inhabitants of the United States. They urge us not to treat ministers, and other religious professors who either justify Slavery, or do nothing in behalf of the slave, with the cordiality shown to those who are devoting themselves to the services of the friendless negro. It may not be always easy for us, and especially for such as have not paid some attention to the controversy, to discriminate how far individuals from the United States are entitled to our esteem on account of the course they have pursued in reference to Slavery, and we are bound to be cautious and candid in our judgments. When, however, we find an American visiter severely censuring the Abolitionists for want of prudence, and for intolerance,—professing an abhorrence of Slavery, but making excuses for the slaveholder,—condemning the *sin*, but not admitting that there is any *sinner*:—when we ascertain that while declaring himself an anti-Slavery man he has *done* nothing in favor of the slave:—when he maintains that there are peculiar circumstances in the political, professional or social position of himself and others which we cannot understand, but which renders the agitation of the subject undesirable, and imposes the "*duty of silence*,"—that its discussion will prove injurious to the interests of this or that religious sect, and instead of accelerating, will retard the emancipation of the slave;—when we meet with a person adopting this line of argument, we may feel pretty certain that his understanding or his conscience wants light on the Slavery question.

The "bigotry," "intolerance," "violence," "unchristian judgments," &c., &c., of the American Abolitionists, furnish a fruitful theme of condemnation upon both sides of the Atlantic. I will not undertake their exculpation; but before we join this indiscriminate censure, it will be well for us to make ourselves acquainted with their conflicts, their trials, their sacrifices, their unselfish devotion to the cause of human suffering, and especially with the obstacles opposed to them by the ministers and religious organizations of their country.

But occasions will occur, on which there will be no difficulty as to the appropriate line of our conduct. The American Unitarian Association, at the present moment, furnishes a good illustration of the circumstances under which a sister society in Britain has, in my view, a right to offer remonstrance upon the Slavery question in any official communication that may be held with it.

Mr. Estlin here speaks of the late President of the American Unitarian Association, whom he charges with indifference on the subject of slavery, and to whom he otherwise refers by name, in a manner for which, after a due period of cool reflection, and the enjoyment of "more light and a clearer perception of duty," we doubt not he will feel induced to rebuke himself. He also refers by name to one of the late Vice Presidents, "as a slaveholder."

He proceeds:—

Now, had these facts been fully known and considered, I can hardly suppose that some of the speakers at our meeting would have taken such low views of the Slavery question as their observations indicated.

One of our friends thought it inconsistent that, having heretofore desired to fraternize with the American Unitarian Association, and to pass resolutions of sympathy towards our brethren in the United States, we should now all at once hesitate in expressing these sentiments. The answer is simple. We have now more light, and a clearer perception of duty. There was a time, in the memory of many of us, when merchants—who purchased human cargoes on the coast of Africa, subjected them to the horrors of the "middle passage," and then sold the survivors, to finish a miserable existence in cruel slavery—were considered in our social circles to be as respectable as those whose capital was engaged in purchasing the ordinary necessaries of life. But, in the present day, who that was suspected of even an indirect connection with this infamous traffic would be tolerated in society!

It is now too late to expect that American Unitarian ministers visiting this country will altogether escape inquiry into their previous course on the Slavery question.

One gentleman, at the Hackney meeting, vouched for the Anti-Slavery sentiments of Dr. Parkman, whose condemnation of the Abolitionists, and whose inaction in the Emancipation movement, had been adduced as proofs of his little interest in the welfare of the slave. I trust the defence is well founded; yet, should Dr. Parkman again come to England, he must be prepared to be called upon by many to show in what way he is helping on the cause of freedom, before a cordial welcome would be generally extended to him. If Dr. Dewey were to pay another visit to Great Britain, I believe he would not receive that unanimous invitation to the pulpits of our ministers which he met with formerly; and that, in our social circles, he would be held in diminished estimation. Such sentiments and conduct towards those whose society has been most gratifying to us, and whom we have been accustomed highly to appreciate, may appear to you and to other friends both illiberal and uncalled for. Most deeply do I regret the circumstances which have occasioned this painful change. But it will be wise for us to view the facts as they really exist; and I have little doubt that, before the next anniversary of our Association comes round, these sentiments, in reference to Unitarian ministers from America, will have gained much ground in our body. The current of anti-Slavery feeling and information has set in too strongly to be stemmed by such considerations as were opposed to it at our last meeting. Zealous as we are, and I trust shall continue to be, for the spread of what we believe to be Gospel truth, there are many in our ranks who will be on the watch, that, while cherishing our Unitarianism, we are not forgetful of our Christianity.*

Thus, then, the case appears to stand. The religious bodies of America, by their direct support of the system, or by their refusal to oppose it, are the "bulwarks of American Slavery." The Abolitionists of all parties call upon the Churches of Great Britain, not to sanction their particular schemes for emancipating the slave, but to aid them in awakening the consciences of their countrymen to the sinfulness of their position; and they tell us that we cannot so effectually promote this object as by appeals from the various Christian denominations of our country, to those holding the same opinions in the United States. The Unitarians of America have less connection with Slavery than other religious bodies, owing to the comparative smallness of their numbers; still it is too clear that, to some extent, they share in the guilt of giving respectability and support to that institution which condemns three millions of their fellowmen to bodily degradation, and to mental darkness. Is it, then, to be wondered at if those English Unitarians who consider American Slavery to be a sin of the deepest die, and who believe that their brethren in the United States either give it a direct sanction, or do not employ the power which their intelligence and moral position gives them in openly opposing it, should desire to avail themselves of every suitable opportunity of urging the Unitarians of America to exhibit, in their efforts to abolish Slavery, the influences of that pure Christianity by which they profess to be guided?

I am not undertaking to point out the fittest mode of addressing our friends on the other side of the Atlantic upon the subject. My object is to show that *we have this work to do*, and that the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association must not be surprised if many of its members will not allow the question to be passed over unnoticed in any future intercourse they may officially hold with the American Unitarian Association.

* * * * * * * * *

I cannot believe that earnest, affectionate, Christian appeals to the Unitarians of the United States, to review and re-review their position with respect to this solemn question, will pass by them unheeded. I am aware they maintain that there is a total inability on our part to enter into all the circumstances of their situation sufficiently to form a correct judgment of what they ought to do. I believe, however, that removed as we are from their influences, their prejudices, and their temptations, we can discern more clearly than they can, the pointings of their duty.

* * * * * * * * *

But however much we may be induced, in consequence of the direct influences of Slavery upon our intercourse and sympathy with the people of America, to do what we can, either as individuals, or as a religious body, towards the removal of the evil, I trust that the contemplation of such a mass of sin and misery as we know to exist among three millions of human beings in the heart of a civilized community, will impel us to take the higher ground of Christian duty, in availing ourselves of all the reasonable means in our power, and of every proper occasion, to aid in its removal. Whenever, on future anniversaries, such opportunities present themselves, I believe that, by embracing them, we shall promote, and not impair, the best interests of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. I am, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

Bristol, June 7, 1847. [J. B. Estlin.

* See a letter on the next column in this day's Register, addressed to Rev. Charles Briggs,—having a bearing on this subject.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, AUGUST 14, 1847.

NO WORSHIP ACCEPTABLE WITHOUT DOING RIGHT.

It is very common to perform one duty to the neglect of another; to substitute a devotional for a practical duty; or to perform a duty only externally, while the right disposition is not cherished in which it should be performed.—Apart from the dispositions we bring along with it, our offering must be worthless. For God looketh not on the outward appearance, but on the heart.

Whatever the feelings, whatever the purposes cherished, whatever the actions performed, be they good or evil, these are the offerings laid on the divine altar. Indifference, thoughtlessness, worldly-mindedness, vanity, pride, self-worship formality, are miserable offerings enough, but not so bad as to bring angry tempers, and a consciousness of unrepaired injury to one's fellowmen; not so bad especially as to come to the table of the Lord, and at the same time be alienated in heart from brethren, or engaged in wrong-doing toward even one of the least of them.

To what an extent have men forgotten this essential condition of acceptable worship!—There is a good deal of religious emotion, but little religious practice. There is love to God without doing justly and mercifully to man; penitence without repentance; confession of sin in the general, and holding on to sin in the particular; praise of the divine goodness and perfections without being "followers of God as dear children."

We will here relate an anecdote, at the risk of provoking a smile while we mean to be serious, and feel serious. We had it from the lips of the clergyman alluded to. Rev. Dr. —, formerly of Charleston, S. C., and now of Philadelphia, once asked a distinguished gentleman residing in Columbia, S. C., who had recently begun to cherish the Christian hope, what he now thought of slavery! "I will tell you," replied the gentleman. "A man in this place once sold a very excellent slave. Why did you sell him! every one asked. Because, said he, whenever I attempted to pray, that black devil stood right before me. Dr. ——," added the gentleman, "there are more than a hundred black devils that stand right before me, whenever I pray." There is, in truth, an image of grievous and avenging wrong, that stands between the Southern Church and the divine face. To get rid of it, more than one has sold his slaves, and the image has returned to haunt them afterwards worse than before. They cannot worship with open face, and uncondemning hearts, until they "let the oppressed go free." Nor can we at the North, so long as we retain in our possession, anything whatsoever obtained unjustly, or persist in any wrong. ¶.

LOVEST THOU ME?

This was the inquiry put for the third time to the Apostle who had denied his Master, but who was now penitent. Our Lord had no intention to harrow up the soul of Peter with reflections on his delinquencies, or to make him feel that he was no longer worthy of confidence. It was to probe, the more certainly to heal, the wound.—He at the same time committed to him a great trust; and he would have him demonstrate his love by faithfulness to the trust.

Love to Christ. We see its importance from the express declarations of the Scriptures.

We see its importance in the nature of that love. It is a love of holiness and moral excellence. Our Savior's character exhibits perfect spiritual beauty, and grace, and glory. He shines forth as the Son of God, from the lowly form of the son of Man, like a precious stone from its casing. He is the very radiance of the Father's glory, and he who loves the Son of God, will love God from whom he came; will love that holiness and goodness in the Father, which are seen in the Son; so that love to Christ is one form of the love of holiness and goodness. It is a love of Christ because he died for man, and therefore necessarily involves love to man, on whose account Christ died. It is not therefore selfish, but disinterested love; and so far as it considers one's self, it is a love not because he delivers us from the *penalty* of transgression, but from its *dominion*. So that we again see in it a manifestation and form of the love of holiness, and of the universal good.

Love to Christ. It is the constraining principle of obedience. No principle is so efficacious as love. It is blind to danger, many waters cannot quench it, nor fire consume it, but it goes courageously onward, and counts no sacrifice too great for the object to whom it is devoted. Love to Christ endures self-denial and takes up the Cross. It secures the performance of his will, and his will is the Father's who sent him. Love is the willing spirit of obedience, when the flesh is weak. It is the recovering power to holiness, if the feet have wandered from the right path. The erring Peter was brought to himself again by love. Mary, the Magdelen, washed her Savior's feet with tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head, for "she loved much." Love is the fulfilling of the law, and therefore love to Christ, is the fulfilling of the law of Christ. In its principle in the soul, and in its expression in the life, it is the sum of all God's commandments. For he who loves Christ, will love God from whom he came, and man to redeem whom he came.

Love must be tested by works. There is something *to be done*. Peter's work was to help the old and the young in the divine life; to feed the sheep and the lambs whom Jesus had received of God, and now committed to his Apostle. This is the work of every Christian pastor, nor let him be unfaithful to his trust. Obedience to the Master's commandments, this is the work of every disciple. They are written in the sermon on the Mount. They are the duties occurring in the varied relations of life, and are summed up in doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with God. ¶.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIGGS,

Sec. pro. tem. of the American Unitarian Association.

Dear Sir:—I feel it to be my disagreeable but imperative duty, to address you on a very delicate and peculiar topic. My remarks will lead me to reflect with some severity on a class of gentlemen with whom we have hitherto condescended to be on amicable terms, and with whom we have interchanged or attempted to interchange, some friendly civilities. But courage is one of the virtues of an apostle, and I gird myself, and go on.

With regard to the atrocious iniquity of the present English Game-Laws, I presume there can be but one opinion. No man of any sense, or penetration, or refinement, or benevolence, can doubt that they are inhuman, oppressive, selfish, cruel to the last degree. In view of the totally unchristian nature, then, of that abominable system, and those barbarous statutes, so directly inconsistent with the Gospel, and the religion and sentiments of the nineteenth century, how shall we explain the course taken by our dear brethren, the liberal ministers of Great Britain? Nothing can be plainer than that this matter wears a strictly religious aspect. Yet in what mournful apathy do we find these ministers of the Gospel, heralds of the truth, men who ought by their position and professions to be foremost in every cause of humanity—in what mournful and disgraceful apathy, I say, do we find them living in relation to it! It is perfectly true, many of them may entertain decidedly anti-game-law principles; they may bear their testimony against it in their private influence and conversation, and on a thousand occasions that we know nothing about. But what of all this? Ought this to satisfy our philanthropic tempers and our cultivated consciences? Are not our brethren evidently and shamefully false to their duty, in reference to this great, ancient, hereditary evil? this towering sin? this fatal institution! Where are their anti-game-law sermons? Do we receive earnest, open, fearless, pungent discourses from them, exposing the enormity of the savage institution? Do they employ their fervid eloquence in protesting against it and rebuking it? From side to side and from end to end of all that island what Unitarian pulpit has uttered itself on this forbidden topic! We, righteous souls, in this country, can quote at least *some sermons* against almost every transgression of the moral law, but here is an overshadowing crime, sanctioned by government, disguised as to its true character by custom and the example of the rich and favored classes, perpetrated in the face of high heaven every day; and yet not a voice is lifted up in bold condemnation of game-preserving by any of the Unitarian Clergy, *that we are aware of*. It is true it may have been done without our knowledge, but that is of no kind of consequence so long as the voice was not loud enough to reach across the Atlantic. I ask again, "How shall we account for this ominous and strange fact? this studious observance of the "*duty of silence?*" We are driven to the painful but inevitable and more christian alternative of imputing to our brethren, base, cowardly, truckling and time-serving motives—We can know, of course, but little of the facts; still this is the more natural supposition, and we cheerfully adopt and express it. These men are guilty of a villainous dereliction. "The Unitarian pulpits (of England,) have been disgraced and polluted by the presence in them of the defenders of" game-preserving.

Again, why is it that we hear nothing of the sin of game-preserving at the public meetings of the Unitarian brethren; at the British and Foreign Unitarian Society; at the "Breakfasts," "Tea-parties" and "Sunday-School Meetings," in various parts of the country! We do not learn that Resolutions have ever been *introduced* upon this subject. What business have these gentlemen to come together and transact the particular business of their several bodies, and attend to the objects directly before them,—the objects for which they were originally designed, such as the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity, while poachers are being shot and mutilated, and the starving are kept from bread and meat, by an unfeeling aristocracy! Sadly as we grieve to be under the necessity of doing it, we must pronounce these pretended Christians to be guilty of prodigious unfaithfulness to a high and sacred trust, and of frightful insensibility to the sin lying at their very doors.

Nor should we be content if our brethren were to go only so far as to condemn game-preserving *in the abstract*. "The true friends of the (English poor) can no longer consent to treat game-preserving as an *abstraction*; they look upon it as a grievous cruelty and a positive sin; they regard the (game-preserver) and the supporters of the system, as *sinners*: and maintain that those only who thus view the matter can be considered as sincere in the desire to free their country from the guilt which now attaches to it."

What I would especially insist upon is, the rather startling proposition perhaps, that all the evils of game-preserving "owe their continuance to the religion of the country; that it is the respectability and support given by the Ecclesiastical bodies of the land which supports the system. Even bishops often" preserve game, "and all the important lay offices of the Church are filled by" game-preservers. Of course the greatest responsibility rests with the establishment and the Orthodox Dissenters, which are the most numerous; "but I regret to believe that the Unitarians, in proportion to their number, are almost as answerable as other sects, for the encouragement they afford to the continuance of" the iniquity.

Some persons may think it inconsistent that having "formerly desired to fraternize" with our brethren in England, we should now withhold our "sympathy." The answer is simple. We have now "more light." The Parliamentary Report, from a Committee of which Mr. Bright was Chairman, together with other things, have all at once set us thinking; and now we must make up for lost time by inconsiderate zeal and indiscriminate denunciation. The Report tells us that in 1843 there were four thousand five hundred and twenty nine convictions, in England and Wales, for game-offences. And yet, behold the apathy of the Unitarian pulpit!

"It is now too late to expect that (English) Unitarian ministers visiting this country will altogether escape inquiry into their previous course on this question." It is thus that I would humbly propose to promote a delightful and improving state of feeling between the two countries, viz. by establishing a system of personal catechizing and espionage, respecting the opinions of individuals upon one and another moral question, and graduating our hospitality and civility according to the reports we obtain from gossip, correspondence, and other sources.

If Dr. Hutton ever happens to sail this way, he must expect to be called upon to show "*in what way* he is helping on the cause" of the anti-game-law reform. If Mr. Montgomery, or Mr. Tagart, or Mr. Madge, should ever visit these shores, they may rely on it, we shall require recommendations and vouchers; we shall ask for a list of the subjects of all their sermons, and reports of their conversation, and accounts of all they have ever done and have not done; and if their conduct and preaching should not square precisely with our notions of the genuine anti-game-law doctrine and policy, then,—portentous sentence! horrific and distressing penalty!—"a cordial welcome would not be generally extended to them; they would not receive unanimous invitations to the pulpits of our ministers; and in our social circles, they would be held in diminished estimation." So precisely of Mr. J. B. Estlin, and Mr. Haughton.

I have taken the liberty to write you on this important matter, because it is best to be prepared for great emergencies; and it is more than probable that it will come up at all future meetings of our Association; that with our "increasing insight into the character and supports of" game-preserving, it will not be strange if members of our body introduce the topic on the most inopportune occasions, and if they refuse to "allow it to be passed over unnoticed, in any future intercourse we may officially hold with the (British and Foreign) Unitarian Association." I hope that "many in our ranks will be on the watch, that while cherishing our Unitarianism, we are not forgetful of our Christianity."

What I would beg leave respectfully to propose is.—

1. That we effectually humble, overpower and crush our English brethren, by refusing to treat the sinners with hospitality, unless their views correspond with our own; and the more successfully to accomplish this, that we pass a vote in our Association, providing that every English Unitarian minister who has the impertinence to enter Boston harbor uninvited, shall be required to stand in the Custom House till he can be inspected and interrogated by a Committee appointed for the purpose; and in case he does not pass the examination, that he be held in quarantine off Rainsford Island, till he affords evidence of conversion to our opinion as to the measures to be pursued.

2. That we issue letters, with signatures, to our brethren in England and Ireland, in which we take it for granted that we understand their position and duties a great deal better than they do themselves; *imply* that they are under the influence of a time-serving spirit and a desire to be popular with the wealthy and game-preserving classes, and tell them they are not more than half as far advanced as we are in the way of charity, love and truth.

3. That we accuse those that do not promptly answer such communications, of indecent neglect and a love of sin, without inquiring into the cause of the delay; and charge those who do not sign the answers at all, with being under the bondage of satan, and haters of their kind.

Hoping that you will forward these liberal measures,

I am, dear sir, faithfully yours,

A Philanthropist.

For the Register.

PROFESSOR STUART ON INSPIRATION.

In his late elaborate work on the Apocalypse, Professor Stuart speaks frequently of the Inspiration of the writer, and the style of the book. I have read with no little attention and confusion and surprise, the second volume containing the Commentary.

The Professor always writes rather loosely, and I am at a loss to understand him very frequently. What he thinks of the Inspiration of the writer it is difficult to collect. Not but that he makes assertions enough on the subject, but they are so contradictory that it is not easy to tell which of the two views asserted the Professor intended to have understood as his real belief.

I should suppose, by some passages, that he only thought the *truth* inspired, and that John exercised his own imagination in framing the symbols; that they are John's rhetoric. From other passages, I should infer that the vision or symbols were supernaturally revealed to John; that he saw them with "his mind's eye" and had only to describe what he saw. At any rate, the language of the Professor is so peculiar that I think it worth the trouble of transcribing; that others who are charged with denying the inspiration of the Bible, may see what language can be used with impunity by a Professor in an institution established for the purpose of withstanding heresy on this, and kindred subjects in Theology.

In speaking of the "Theopany" in the fourth chapter, the Professor says, "A vision of God, in his awful and glorious majesty, must silence every unholy and forbidden desire * * * and fix the attention with the deepest interest * * * on the sequel. It is altogether a subordinate question whether anything strictly ocular * * * was exhibited. It seems more probable, that whatever was seen, was seen with the *eye of the mind*, i. e. in prophetic estacy." This appears clear. John *described* what he saw. It is made still clearer by the next paragraph where the Professor says that "most of the recent German writers" regard "the whole representation as the production of the author's imagination," and yet further, it "would not, perhaps, detract much from the essential meaning of the communication in the Apocalypse" to say, "that the mind of the Apocalyptist was deeply impressed with a pervading sense of God's power and glory," and "was thus prepared for the prophetic disclosures which follow; and that the writer has merely undertaken to designate these simple truths by the employment of symbols and figurative poetic language." "Assuming merely this, we might say that the imagination and fancy of the writer were in active and vigorous exercise, when selecting and employing the imagery contained in chapter IV. * * * To my own mind the whole matter appears in a different light. * * I cannot doubt that we are to regard the sequel, as intended by the writer to be considered as having passed before the *eye of his mind* while rapt into prophetic vision. * * * I know there are those who disdain the idea of *inspiration*; but I do not and cannot think with them." (Vol. II. pp. 106, 107.) This is all plain. The Professor believes that the writer "*described*" what he saw, did *not* "*imagine*" it. The professor is here defining his own view and it would seem as if we might rely upon it. But let us see what he says besides this on these same pages.

"The Apocalyptist has * * * * followed the example of Isaiah and Ezekiel. * * * As to the leading elements, however in the theophany recorded by John they are not mere imitations. The manner of them is such as to show that the writer thought for himself, although the *costume* was drawn from the ancient scriptures. * * Yet it would be difficult to show that he has in any case merely copied them or directly intended to produce nothing more than a mere imitation."

It would appear from this, that the writer selected his own *costume*, made his own symbols, taking the main part from the old prophets, and not from any thing that appeared before "*his mind's eye*."

Again: the Professor says on the next page, "The author has evidently combined the leading features of both, [Is. VI. and Ezek. I.] while the material furnished by them receives its peculiar shape, after all, from his own plastic hand, as we shall see in the sequel."

There is no mistake about the meaning of this. John's "*plastic hand*," not the suggestion of the Holy Spirit, "*shaped*" the "Theophany." Professor Stuart thinks German views rather suspicious! But he says we shall "see in the sequel" that this "*plastic hand*" of the writer is clearly evident. Let us attend to the "*sequel*." On p. 114, in interpreting the "theophany," Prof. Stuart says, "This luxuriant imagination [of Ezekiel] is modified in the present case." The "*luxuriant imagination*" of Ezekiel! Then Ezekiel's vision was not inspired by the Holy Spirit. This is not so much to my purpose in showing what the Professor thinks of John's inspiration as what follows, but I could not let so rich a morsel for the comfort of German critics be passed by untasted. Would that the Professor would write a commentary on Ezekiel. But to the "*sequel*." "The discrepancy in John [between John and Ezek. and Is.] is sufficient to show, that while he drew the material from other sources in the present case, still he formed and fashioned it after his own model." What has become of what was supernaturally revealed to his "*mind's eye*"! It would seem from the Professor's own showing that his "mind's eye" was on Ezek. and Isaiah. Again, and stranger yet, "we have seen that John differs in his picture from both his models. * * * This is good evidence, as has been remarked, that the writer is no mere copyist—no slavish imitator." What becomes of the divine model revealed by the Holy Spirit in vision? "John," says the Professor, "has mingled views from both prophets with his own, and he has thus made out a description different from either, which preserves a medium between the two." What is more evident from these quotations, than that when the Professor comes to comment on the text, he forgets his theory of Inspiration? Nay, in the introduction to the chapter on the very page in which he rejected the view that the symbols are John's, he declares that the "*costume*" was drawn from the "ancient scriptures" * * * * and formed by the "*plastic hand*" of the author. He closes his comment on the chapter by saying that "the holy Seer was duly prepared by such an august vision, for the disclosures which follow." But elsewhere, as I have shown, this "*august vision*" consists of "*material*" drawn from Ezek. and Isaiah, and "formed by the *plastic hand* of the author in such a manner that, by *modifying* the *luxuriant imagination*" of the former, and arranging the wings of the beasts of the latter differently, he proves himself "no *mere copyist*—no *slavish imitator*"!! It would seem that the Professor, like Homer, sometimes nods, or else he has not the fear of the quinquennial subscription before his eyes.

But I have not yet done with the Professor's view of John's inspiration in the construction of the symbols in which the truths of the Apocalypse are contained. On page 125, he makes this remark: "How familiar the Old Testament Scriptures were to the author of the Apocalypse must be evident to every attentive reader," showing that he believed John's symbols were drawn from them, and not described with a vision before him. Again: on page 127, he says, "as the writer goes designedly into the region of imagination for images to express his thoughts, we must not limit him to the mere realities of our natural world, nor pronounce all that to be incongruous which does not agree with those realities in all its parts." Here Prof. Stuart asserts that the original, the model of these symbols, was in John's imagination, not in a revealed vision.

On page 129, the Prof. remarks upon the apparent incongruity and monstrosity of an image, that "it makes us less willing to listen to the writer, and gives us less confidence in his taste and judgment," unless it can be made consistent. Would the Prof. speak of the "*taste and judgment*" of the Holy Spirit? Did he not believe that the image was the product of John's own "imagination!" Again: he says on page 131, after having attempted to reconcile some apparent "incongruousness" in an image, "the writer, therefore, has offended neither against good taste nor the laws of congruity; but, on the contrary, he has given us a truly magnificent picture of what he intends to describe." Would the Prof. speak of the "*good taste*" of the Holy Spirit?

It may appear to the reader that these quotations are sufficient to show that when the Professor's theory of inspiration was out of his mind, he turned naturally to what his real sentiments were. But there is too much rich ore yet left to stop mining here. On page 147, he says, "John has drawn *this picture with a master-hand*." The italics are our own. Think of this declaration, and believe who will that Prof. Stuart supposed that picture, or symbol to be the work of the Holy Ghost! "Master-hand!" had Mr. Norton said that, what a whoop would have been raised by the Prof. in the chair of Interpretation at Andover.

"O would some power the giftie gieu."

Turn over the leaf of the Professor's Commentary and you will read "that the writer has with great skill delayed the catastrophe, and given us several episodes for this purpose, which contain matter of thrilling interest." The Holy Spirit display "*great skill?*" Professor S. never thought of the Holy Spirit making those episodes when he penned that sentence, and read that proof. On the next page (145) the Prof. makes himself still more clear, if possible. "The writer presents us with the songs of victory, and with the consequences of it, and also with the ensigns of final destruction; but he is a *Jew*, and how can he dwell on the destruction of his beloved city and temple with a minuteness of representation! He turned from the scene with weeping as a sympathising Jew." Over the leaf he says these peculiarities of the writer "show that with all his references to the Old Testament, and his *continual reliance* upon it, he is no mere imitator, no copyist." The italics are my own. Then John "*relied*" upon the symbols of the Old Testament "continually" to aid him in forming his, and did not describe a vision. This seems clear. Furthermore the Prof. says "The very nature of his (John's) place required delay." Then John "*planned*" the book, as well as "*imagined*" the symbols. This is a great stride towards "*Germany!*"

Again; on page 187, the Prof. says, "The author has here plainly gone out of the world of nature into that of *imagination* in order to obtain materials wherewith he may draw his picture, so we are not to tax him with *incongruities* or *monstrosities*, because he does not confine himself within the bounds of natural verisimilitude." He speaks of the writer's not "marring his own particular design,"—of his "exhibiting in a remarkable way his *power of invention* in making the plan of these acts so replete with variety." "With great skill," says he, "has the writer managed this part of his plan." "The writer," he says, "cannot be accused of copying himself." "If the whole were one piece, is it probable John would have indulged in so much similarity here?" Who can suppose that a man who writes thus believed that the Holy Spirit dictated the plan, and the symbols? He says further, "The author has given a sketch which corresponds, *with a good degree of exactness*, to the state of the facts." The italics are not the Professor's. Such a sentiment, if found in a Unitarian book, would be quoted in every Orthodox periodical through the country as indicating disregard of the Bible. He says the "writer is not inattentive to the call of æsthetics," that "he indulges," for sufficient reason no doubt, in a particular recital of the leading objects of luxury and of commerce." "It is indeed a vivid picture, and if the writer has dwelt longer upon the *maritime* part, and made it more prominent than we might expect, * * we must attribute this *to the freedom of his* GLOWING IMAGINATION (!) and to the evident design he had of being understood as describing in a graphic way, the greatness and extent of luxury and extravagance." My readers may think I am hoaxing them in this article, especially in this quotation, but alas! for the theory of inspiration held by Prof. Stuart, it is true. See page 338. "This departure" says he, on page 367, "from Ezekiel is of such a character as to show that John *thought* and *acted* for himself." The italics are mine—I will quote no more—I have certainly quoted enough to show that the learned Professor does not hold to any very high notions of inspiration; none so high certainly as to make his sneer at Unitarians very commendable to himself. It is said that when a thief wishes to escape notice he cries "stop thief," with the rest in pursuit—So Prof. Stuart aims to escape the notice of the Orthodox by his severe, not to say coarse, attacks upon Unitarians—He covers himself by the dust which he raises in the pursuit of others. I have not exhausted the mine which I have been working; if I have shown that it is a *rich* one, I have done all I purposed. R. P. S.

For the Register.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Aug. 9th, 1847.

DR. SPRING'S ANNIVERSARY SERMON.

The comments which I thought proper to make in the commencement of this correspondence upon the ministry of Dr. Spring, seem to have disturbed my orthodox friends altogether beyond measure. Your readers will remember the coarse and vulgar abuse of the New York Observer lavished upon Crito. But it seems that was not to be the last of it. Dr. Spring himself, in an anniversary sermon delivered to his people on the first Sunday of the present month saw fit to renew the subject and call attention to my strictures in your columns as an attack upon his reputation.

So unconscious was Crito of the annihilation that awaited him on that occasion that he was absent from the city, and is indebted to the public prints and the testimony of friends who were present for the knowledge of his melancholy fate.

I have nothing to say respecting the dignity of such a step as Dr. Spring felt called upon to take on his 37th anniversary. Tastes differ. If I had been the Dr. and had considered Crito's letters in the light of a "contemptible attack upon private character," I should have declined a controversy on such a subject with such a writer. I should have felt that it was a letting down of my dignity to defend a character of thirty-seven years standing against the flings of a malignant newspaper article.

But these doleful and reiterated complaints against "the Unitarian paper at Boston" for attacking the reputation of the anniversary preacher were made in this instance at an unfortunate time. A 37th anniversary would naturally revive many memories of the past, and the hearers might remember among other things that the treatment of which their preacher complained was much like that which it was common for Unitarians to endure at the hands of Orthodox. Did the Brick church people and their venerable pastor forget amid all the reminiscences of that day how orthodoxy had been accustomed, time out of mind, to speak of Unitarian clergymen as infidels, and enemies of the truth, engaged in leading the souls of men to hell, and unfit to bear the name of Christians and Christian ministers! Among the estimable clergymen of the Unitarian faith in this city, did they remember one whom Dr. Spring or his people would invite to the Brick church pulpit? Among the many Unitarians of this city, did they remember one whom they would not forbid to approach their communion table! Did the venerable preacher forget, did his people forget, that the whole Unitarian ministry and communion are under the ban of orthodoxy, under its "anathema maranatha" for not loving the Lord Jesus Christ, and held up everywhere as subverters of the gospel and enemies of the cross! Did the preacher and his hearers forget, when he complained so pathetically of his assailed reputation, that his fate was far less melancholy than that of nearly every minister of the Unitarian faith! Did it escape his memory while contemplating his personal grievances how it had fared with Ware and Buckminster, and the sainted Channing, and all the leading ministers living and dead of their faith, whose names are cast out as evil and to whom every epithet expressive of contempt and aversion had been applied by the pious lips of orthodoxy! No language was strong enough to tell how much mischief they had done to the church and the world. And yet when a writer of no pretension expresses doubt about the moral tendency of Dr. Spring's preaching, lo, heaven and earth are called to witness and sympathize with the unparallelled persecutions of the venerable aggrieved!!

I am sorry that Dr. Spring did not embrace so favorable an opportunity as the anniversary service afforded, to urge the men of wealth in his church up to a high standard of liberality. Singular as it may seem, in enumerating the elements of influence he did not mention wealth as one of them. The Evangelist very pertinently notices the omission. There is wealth enough in the Brick church to accomplish immense results for the poor and perishing, and it was a pity to lose such a fitting opportunity of pressing upon the rich their peculiar obligations. The time thus employed would have done more good probably than is likely to flow from his complaints of "the Boston paper." I regret too that the Dr. judged it expedient to dwell so much more upon the good his people have done than upon what they have omitted to do for the welfare of their fellow men. Anxious as I am to see that church taking the lead in every good word and work and becoming a burning and a shining light under the guidance of their venerable pastor, I should have been pleased if he had uttered a stirring trumpet-call to duty on the late anniversary, which should have roused every soul in his congregation to lofty purposes and generous deeds, which others seeing might take heart and imitate.

But as already intimated, the greatest mistake in this anniversary sermon was the reference to Crito's correspondence and the complaint that his reputation had been assailed by it. It was a mistake in the venerable Dr. to imagine that he was assailed. Crito merely spoke of what he believed to be the tendency of his doctrines. But even if he had suffered an assault upon his reputation, it was nothing more than what orthodoxy is continually inflicting upon Unitarians.

I have only to add that it is quite certain that nothing that has yet been said convinces me of the impropriety of remarking freely upon the public ministrations of the clergy of New York, and I shall continue to do so while it seems desirable. I know where the public responsibilities of public men end and where their private rights begin. The latter I shall respect in spite of all provocation to do otherwise; the former I shall canvass freely notwithstanding aggressions upon myself. Truly Yours.

Crito.

For the Register.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

London, July 8th, 1847.

We breakfasted at Kenilworth where my last account left us, and then drove to Warwick. Before breakfast I took a stroll through the town, awaiting the descent of my companion whose slumbers were protracted beyond the seventh hour. An English town is as unlike an American as two things of the same denomination can well be. The houses are not insulated as with us, (I am speaking of country towns) but contiguous, with gable to the street. Thus the streets which are paved, present a somewhat city-like appearance with two compact ranks of very irregular front. Then the houses are built of brick; and such brick! not clean and smooth like ours, but rough and squalid, of uncertain and various hue, but of certain and uniform ugliness. The gables and bay windows and *all* sorts of architectural projections have a picturesque look: but the significance of the outline is not sufficient to atone for the ugly tints, except where a trailing vine or clustering roses (not unfrequent) conceal the unsightly brick. On the whole, the difference between the English and American, in my judgment, is in favor of our villages with their cheerful green and white. In the outskirts of the town you see insulated cottages of an humble character. These are mostly thached, and the thached roofs are covered with mosses. Some of these were in blossom and exhibited a very brilliant yellow flower which flaunting thus, on the house top, contrasted strangely with the lowly sheds that bore this golden diadem. Assuredly, nature is no respecter of human conditions; on the least comely she bestows a more abundant comeliness.

Warwick Castle was as splendid as the anticipation I had formed from Prince P. Muskau's account of it. I suppose there is no place in the world, certainly no private estate, that unites so much of antique splendor with so much of modern comfort and inhabitableness. We entered a lodge guarded by an ancient porter in velvet breeches and white stockings. Thence we passed through a long arch cut out of the *solid* rock into a beautiful lawn of shrubbery. Crossing that we came to the castle, a magnificent pile of grey stone; in part, of great antiquity, and every inch a castle. We were received by a stately personage dressed with great precision, who might have personated the earl himself. I suppose it was his butler. This gentleman conducted us through the rooms which are exhibited to the Public, bidding us be careful to tread on the strips of carpeting provided for that purpose, that we might not soil the beautiful oak floor. He had many other conditions to enforce. My companion drew forth his tablets and began to take notes; he was told that that was contrary to the rules of the house. I do not remember all the rooms, but the first was a spacious hall whose walls were hung round with suits of ancient armor, some of which have great historical interest. One was composed entirely of red cedar,—floor, walls and ceiling. I do not remember the date of this room, but the cedar is still fragrant. Of one, the walls were covered with beautiful *Gobelin* tapestry more than two hundred years old. Another is called Queen Anne's room; it contains a bedstead and bed

furniture used by that sovereign, and presented to Lord Warwick by George III. These rooms are hung with pictures by the old masters. I remember among others some fine ones by Holbein, Vandyck, Morillo and Poussin. The furniture is partly ancient and partly modern, but all in keeping, all magnificent. There was one table with a large round slab wrought in mosaic and containing some choice specimens of *lapis lazuli*. This table, Lord Warwick was told at Florence, where he purchased it, could not be matched short of £8000 or $40,000. So the butler assured us. The suite of rooms shown to visitors is 333 feet in length; and when arrived at the last, we looked back through one continuous vista of that extent. This is exclusive of the chapel which is shown separately. It seemed ridiculous in such a palace, to offer so grave a personage a paltry half-crown; but he did not seem to view it in that light; he received it graciously—the humble tribute—and found a place for it somewhere about his portly person, where it joined the congregation of shillings and sixpences paid by the various pilgrims whom the fine day had attracted to this wonder from Leamington springs and other quarters.

After viewing the castle we took a stroll through the grounds, which border on the classic Avon. Here I saw the largest trees I have found in England—magnificent cedars of Lebanon, of great age. Here too is the far famed Warwick vase, a piece of antique Roman workmanship of great size, which is kept in a house built for the purpose.

From Warwick we went to Stratford, eight miles further. It is an everlasting shame to the Stratford of a former generation that the house which Shakspeare built and in which he died should have been suffered to be demolished. I have been told that it was the most considerable house in this not inconsiderable place. Either the name of Shakspeare must have been less weighty then, or sentiment less active. Had it been purchased by the town and permitted to remain, it would have been, by this time a source of considerable revenue as a show; and what was gained to sentiment would not have been lost to Mammon. In this age, in England, the interest in matters of historical antiquity, and especially in matters connected with great men is very intense. I saw in Stratford a plain box made of the mulbury tree which Shakspeare planted, for which the owner refused twenty guineas, though apparently very poor.

The house in which Shakspeare was born is still standing and still inhabited. It is one of the meanest in England. I ascended the rude staircase to the chamber of nativity, a small, low room in which a tall man could hardly stand upright. One shall not easily find a plainer apartment. From Warwick castle to this mean abode what a descent! And yet I venture to say that for one visitor to Warwick there are ten whom curiosity draws to Stratford. Strange power of genius! to cause that the poorest hut shall be more sought after than the proudest palace in Europe! The ceiling and walls of this room are so scribbled over that there is scarce a blank space to be found. I do not exaggerate when I say that hundreds of thousands of names are here inscribed. I noticed Sir W. Scott's autograph in the window and again in the album; also Washington Irving's in the latter, with verses accompanying. I assure you I was deeply moved. I had not believed that anything which derived its interest from association alone could have such power over me. Little didst thou think, old wool-stapler, that thy nursery would become a shrine to which, in after ages, men should flock from east and west and north and south; that even from the new found world of which thou heard'st such marvels in thy day they should come to pay their homage to the spot where this son of thine first saw the light! There, in that corner, stood the marriage-bed which launched into life the precious freight of life-transfiguring genius. Over these very boards pattered the infant feet of him who has left such enduring footprints on the flour of time. Through the dim diamonds of that old casement came the first impressions of the outward world to the mind that was destined to irradiate that world with new and undying light.

These premises having passed from the hands that lately held them, are to be sold in London, this season, at public auction. Great interest is felt as to the price they will fetch. It is to be hoped that they will become the property of the nation, that so the existence of the old messuage may be secured in *secula seculorum*, or at least as long as the oak or timbers will hold together. Otherwise it would not be a bad speculation for a yankee to buy it, transport it to America to be exhibited there for a few years, and then bring it back to England and sell it at double the cost. I believe the house would stand the voyage.

The old Church which holds the dust of Shakspeare, comes in for a share in the interest which attaches to this region. It has undergone various modifications, additions, and repairs, but the greater part is still very ancient. Some of the stalls or pews in the nave bear the date of Henry VII., and a portion of the exterior is still older. There are tombs and monuments and sculptured sarcophagi of earls and barons, of great antiquity, but none, of course, so touching as the plain slab in the chancel which bids "good friend for Jesus' sake forbear" "TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE." A tablet on the neighboring wall presents a condign epitaph on the great fact, supposed to have been written by Ben Jonson, which affirms that "with him quick Nature died." On either side are buried Shakspear's wife, his favorite daughter Mrs. Hall, her husband and, if I remember right, their daughter or their son. The inscriptions on each of these tombs are striking. I wish I had transcribed them. One of them, I think it is the one on Shakspeare's wife, written in the name of her daughter, begins somewhat after this fashion

"Tu mihi, obera mater, hac vitamque dedisti
Vae tibi pro tanto munere sarum do."

I am not sure that I have the exact words, but this was their purport. At the left of the altar a monument indicates the resting place of John Coombe the wealthy miser whom Shakspeare satyrizes:

"If any one ask who lies in this tomb"
"Ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John a Coombe."

The inscription on the tablet claims for him the merit of having bequeathed some monies for charitable purposes, of which the most considerable is the interest of thirteen *"Pownds"* with some odd shillings and pence devised to the poor of Stratford.

Within two years the immortal satyrist followed the subject of his epigram, and a few yards space now divides their bones.

Then we went to Anne Hathaway's Cottage which is still extant in the vicinity of the town of Stratford, and still occupied by a descendant of that family; indeed, till within a few years, by one of that name. Another genuine piece of antiquity! There is the identical kitchen, the identical fire place where Shakspeare, of a winter evening, saw the "roasted crabs hiss in the bowl;" and probably the identical settle on which he sat and chatted with Anne. But the greatest curiosity here was an ancient bedstead with carved oaken back and tester, an heirloom in the family since Queen Elizabeth's time and I don't know how much longer;—also pillow cases and sheets wrought by Anne Hathaway herself,—a curious piece of needle work and pronounced by good judges to be perfect in its kind. The sheets have a belt of open work in the middle about half or two thirds of an inch in width. They are made of homespun linen. I was told to lift one of them; the weight could not have been less than eight pounds.

After inspecting these things and satisfying our curiosity in Stratford we returned to Kenilworth, where we spent a couple of hours in wandering among the ruins; then to Coventry. The next morning we took the rails for London.

It was not without an acceleration of the pulse that I felt myself approaching the wonder-city whose name from earliest childhood, had represented in my mind, the apex of human things. Our speed seemed to increase with every station, as if feeling the attraction of the mighty maelstrom,—sucked irresistibly in by a systole from the heart of the world. And on we whirled, thunder, scream and rattle! now swallowed up by some mile-long Orcus of a tunnel confounding the senses with Stygian fumes and infernal reverberations; now vomited forth again into the bright day, and ever faster, ever faster, until we were quietly deposited in Euston square.

A cab conveyed me to my lodgings, and within three weeks from the time of leaving Boston, I was settled in London, having already seen some of the chief *notabilia* of England.

And this is London! St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey and Hyde Park and Newgate and Old Bailey and the Queen are no longer mere names. I have seen them all. As Mrs. Butler says; "they are mine."

Yours affectionately, F. H. H.

For the Register.

THE BOSTON RECORDER.

It is not often that religious newspapers of different denominations give occasion to remark, "See how these Christians love one another." But wonders never cease, and it was with mingled surprise and satisfaction we lately observed a little billing and cooing going on between the Boston Recorder and the Christian Register—something quite like symptoms of an affectionate flirtation, for the sake of variety or for better reasons. "The millennium"! cried we, "the lion and the lamb lying down together"! and of course by the lamb we must mean the Register. But it has ended as we supposed it would. The loving fit has gone off as suddenly as it did between a real lion and lamb that we once saw brought into unnatural friendship. The lion by virtue of previous fullfeeding was quite good-natured and amiable when the lamb was introduced into his cage, and dandled it playfully for a while; but the lamb, presuming on this condescending familiarity of the monarch of beasts, took it into its innocent little head that it might return one of his love-pats. The consequence was, royalty was offended with the liberty, and we had to run away to escape a sanguinary sight.

The Recorder was unusually kind to the late Editor of the Register, and his amiable character should have made this easy for any one. But as soon as he retires from the Register, the Recorder insinuates that the step was in consequence of a nascent Orthodoxy in his mind. What is this but a charge of hypocrisy against a man for whom good feelings were so lately professed, since he leaves the editorial chair to devote his labors exclusively to a church which is Unitarian! Perhaps after all this is kindly meant; for with some it is thought more a compliment to attribute orthodoxy to another, than it is an insult to charge him with hypocrisy. But really this sharp watchfulness for orthodoxy is more than feline. Never was silent mouse more vigilantly and unsparingly nosed by Grimalkin. Dr. Channing was orthodox! Was not Dr. Priestly! He died happily, and how could that be, unless he died in the odour of Calvinism! We shall next hear that all the good Popes were Protestants; in asmuch as Puseyism has actually maintained they were not Catholics—only Dr. Pusey and the English Church being genuine Catholics.

But this is not the worst explosion of the Recorder. Another gentle spirited Unitarian says a word in the Register on the subject which had attracted the Recorder's personalities to the late Editor of the Register, and brings down more offensive personalities upon himself for his pains. He is set down at once with a rating as an "Apostate." Apostate! This is an ugly appellation. It does not sound kindly. It certainly does not breathe Christian love. Where does Christ ever use such language against a good man! We can show chapter and verse where he directly censures a fondness for scattering such epithets around us. What does the Recorder think of Mat. V. 22! We have reason to think that the Sermon on the Mount is not one of the most favorite portions of Scripture with our Orthodox brethren, but their learned Pundits and Rabbis know that "Thou fool" in this verse, (Moreh) is according even to good Orthodox interpretation as literally "Apostate" as it is any word in the English language. "Apostate" thus caps the climax of vituperation according to the Saviour's code for the government of the tongue. It reads rather awfully for the foul mouthed and the bigoted dogmatist, "whosoever shall say, Thou apostate, shall be in danger of hell-fire."

On what ground does one fallible mortal assume authority to fulminate such censures against another? On the ground that the latter differs in opinion from him,—that he has examined his own former opinions dispassionately, and has the candor to see and the manliness to renounce the prejudices in which he was brought up. Does this deserve what to all ears sounds like a term of reproach? Be the literal meaning of the word what it may, its associations are such in its popular acceptation, that mankind will always understand it as intended to be offensive and injurious. It will be of no avail to say that it may mean literally no more than a dissenter, one who disagrees with another and goes off from him. This would be an unworthy subterfuge, to be classed with that played off on the word 'degraded' at the expense of a young clergyman of our acquaintance some years since. He had left the ministry of the Episcopal church from a change of views, and was about to be settled among Unitarians. This his old friends endeavored to prevent by whispering that he was a "degraded man," "he had been degraded in his former connexion." Of course some immortality was suspected; but when the whisperers were brought to an explanation they threw themselves upon the etymology of the word. He had been "literally de-graded; that is, put from his grade or degree in the ministry for presuming to think for himself,—there being three grades or degrees in the ministry of the Episcopal Church." This evasion would do for those who understand Latin, but Greek now will be required to vindicate by means of derivation any meaning for "Apostate" that is not bitterly and scornfully condemnatory. People receive it as synonymous with "renegade;" or even more vilifying, as impiety is worse than a failure in patriotism.

When this is the effect, can it be consistent with the Christian spirit to apply such expressions as "sadly stained with apostacy," to a man whose whole fault, if there be any is, that he has made a mistake in speculations obscure and entangled to the most perspicacious and learned? Who says that his life and spirit are "apostate" from his Master's rule? May our soul be with such apostates and errorists in the eternal day! We are not his acquaintance. We have never exchanged a word with him. But when we read that wantonly unfeeling word against him in the Recorder, we felt the gash in our own breast through every generous sentiment we possess. Is this the justice, this the magnanimity of Christianity! we thought we heard the unbeliever asking. Can it be that the law of love is the characteristic Gospel morality! Have we not mistaken it all this time! Its letter seems to command universal kindness; but may there not be an occult spirit underlying the letter, which learned theologians can detect, commending a little envy, hatred and malice? May there not be some where in the teachings of Christ, at least as reported by John, (though we unlearned common people cannot see it like Orthodox Divinity-Doctors,) some authority for the sentiment of a man better acquainted with professors of the Gospel than with its pages, who, when his opponent said "I forgive you as a Christian," added the comment, "that is, not at all."

We don't know but Michael the archangel may be allowed to be as good authority on the point before us as the editor of a religious paper, and the devil to be as bad as the unfortunate erroriest now under the Recorder's brand of "Apostacy," and if so, then we must beseech editors not to call him in future such hard names as the archangel according to Jude scrupled to apply even to the Prince of Darkness. "Yet Michael the archangel, when contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, the Lord rebuke thee." *Jude* ix.

H. G. E.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THIRTEENTH REPORT of the Worcester Sunday School Society made at Leominster, at the Annual Meeting, June 15, 1847.

We have read with much interest and pleasure this able Report, written by Rev. Mr. Withington, the Secretary of the Society, of the condition of the Sunday Schools connected with the Worcester Association. In the Register of June 56, a full and faithful abstract was given of the Report to which we would refer our readers. The report speaks of the small decrease of the numbers belonging to the Sunday Schools, as compared with the preceding year. But in the former year, the School in Framingham was included in this Society; now the Framingham parish has become connected with another association and its Sunday School with another Sunday School Society. When the number connected with that School are deducted from the summary of the preceding year, we believe there will not be found to have been any decrease.

[The conclusion of the Report, in which the claims of the Sunday School are strongly urged, was copied on our first page of last week.—Ed.]

THE VOYAGE OF THE JAMESTOWN ON HER ERRAND OF MERCY. Eastburn's Press.

Capt. R. B. Forbes, by whom the U. S. Sloop of War, Jamestown, was commanded, on the occasion of her recent voyage for the relief of the famine in Ireland, has written an account of the expedition, and has caused it to be published, in the form of the very elegant pamphlet before us, and generously given the edition out-right to the *Boston Port Society*, the institution which maintains the Bethel Church of which Father Taylor is the pastor.

It contains a very interesting statement of the mission of the Jamestown and of the occurrences connected with the visit; and embodies all the correspondence and the proceedings which grew out of the transaction. The collection is both curious and entertaining, containing letters, poetry, dinner-speeches, toasts, addresses, and in fine, everything of a public character which the interest and novelty of the occasion originated.

If we mistake not, the time will come, when this Voyage of the Jamestown will attract even more remark, and be viewed with even more interest than it now is. The lapse of time will lend an attraction to the enterprise, and will preserve and heighten whatever of poetical effect there may be to the picture. Taking all the combined circumstances which constitute its history from the beginning to its close, it makes a story well worthy to be preserved and remembered. We trust that Capt. Forbes may have the gratification of seeing the institution, to which he has dedicated the entire proceeds of the sale of his pamphlet, reaping a substantial result therefrom. It is a large octavo, very handsomely got up, by Mr. Eastburn, and is for sale at Little & Brown's, for half a dollar.

J. A. A.

OBITUARY.

BENJAMIN MERRILL, LL.D.

We announced in our last paper, the death of Benjamin Merrill, Esq., of Salem. He died on Friday, 30th ult., from the effect of an apoplectic stroke which he received on the evening of Saturday preceding. He had been a resident of Salem nearly forty years. He received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Harvard University in 1845.

At a meeting of the members of the Essex Bar, on the 30th ult., Judge White having been appointed Moderator, the following resolutions were reported by a committee appointed for the purpose, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Bar have learned with deep affliction, the sudden death of BENJAMIN MERRILL, Esq., one of their oldest and most distinguished brethren, whose eminent talents and learning, extensive usefulness, and great faithfulness and integrity in his professional character and life, have won for himself the respect and gratitude of the public, and have left for us a model of excellence to admire and emulate.

Resolved, That while we lament the loss of a valued member of our profession, we also sympathize with the public in the death of a citizen whose blameless life, pure and simple manners, kind and affectionate disposition, and disinterested devotion to all liberal and honorable institutions and pursuits through life, have made him one of our most useful and honored townsmen, and secured him the confidence and attachment of the whole community.

Resolved, That in token of our respect and affection for our departed brother, we will attend his funeral at the First Church on Monday next, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered on the Records of the Bar, and that the Secretary of the Bar be requested to present them at the next session of the Judicial Courts in this county to be entered upon the Records of said Courts.

The following sketch of his life, and merited testimony to his excellent character is from the Salem Observer of the 31st ult:—

Mr. Merrill was a native of Conway, N. H., and received his education at the Exeter Academy and Harvard University, where he graduated in 1804, with distinguished honor. Of the survivors of this class, 32 in number, at the publication of the College Catalogue, two years since, Mr. Merrill is the seventh that has deceased. At Cambridge, Mr. M. was distinguished for his scholarship, and won the affectionate regard of his classmates. His pecuniary resources being very limited, he employed his leisure in term time and vacation in writing for the Clerk of the Court and the Register of Probate. And the knowledge he thus acquired was an admirable introduction and qualification for his after distinction as a conveyancer.

On leaving College, Mr. Merrill studied law with Hon. Mr. Stedman, of Lancaster, (Worcester county,) and in that county was admitted to the bar. He commenced the practice of law in Lynn, and was there some six months, but the rules of the bar of this county requiring every lawyer to study one year within the county he gave up his office in ready compliance with this bar rule, and renewed in the office of Judge Putnam, in this city, his duties as a student; and after finishing his term of studies was admitted to the bar of this county, and continued the legal partner of Judge Putnam, until the latter was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court.

He has generally declined being a candidate for public offices, to which he has often been invited, but has been a member of our Legislature, and a candidate for Congress. But for his declining he would have been elected to the Senate, to the Council Board, and to the Mayoralty of this city.

Mr. Merrill, in his professional course, has been eminently successful and no less eminently useful. He very seldom attempted to argue cases, but his distinguished ability, thorough learning, and perfect fidelity, secured him the confidence of every one; and no one in this county was so much consulted, or was so often called upon to draft deeds and conveyances of all descriptions. There probably never lived a conveyancer more capable of condensing in small compass, all the legal essentials of any instrument, and his legal writings are used as models for their brevity and correctness.

Mr. M. was no less distinguished for his miscellaneous than for his legal learning. Possessed of an iron memory, he was the highest authority for persons, places and events. No one disputed his dates or facts.

Mr. Merrill, in his profession and in his private life, possessed the entire confidence of the whole community, and perhaps no one was ever in this county so often called upon to act as trustee, executor, and guardian, and this in addition to his appointment by the Governor as General Administrator. He and his excellent and most intimate friend, Leverett Saltonstall, did more than any men of their age to discourage lawsuits and litigation—and it is an undoubted fact that where they commenced one suit they discouraged two; and to them especially is it owing that the law business in this county is proportionally so much less than in the other counties of this State. When either of them could induce the parties to settle, it was accomplished; and neither of them ever stimulated a client, by false and baseless hopes, to go on with a suit.

Mr. M. was not only the confidential trustee, but eminently the friend of the widow, the orphan, and the distressed. That great class of indigent and meritorious men, our revolutionary pensioners, will ever regard him as their truest and most valued friend. Mr. Merrill's friends among all classes, sects and parties of the community, were numerous and most attached;—if they did not agree with him, none doubted his honor, his integrity, and his sincerity. His pecuniary success was not the result of exorbitant charges, but of his immense business, for none ever charged his clients less, or ever offered more gratuitous services. His brethren of the bar, and the whole community are witnesses of his kindness, liberality and benevolence. He was emphatically kind-hearted and generous, and though he often looked on the dark side of the picture, and believed men capable of crime, still no one was more forgiving, none had a more open hand or generous heart. He was a leading member of the First Church in Salem, and for many years their treasurer and chief committee man.

To speak of Mr. Merrill's character, without alluding to him as a politician, would be impossible, for he has been one of the greatest political writers of the day, and one of the most successful in the newspaper press. Indeed no one, not a professed editor, ever wrote more or better than he did. For many years he was the great stay and staff of his party in this county, and all parties who differed from him admitted his honesty.

Mr. M. was remarkable for his ready wit and good humor. He always had at command an appropriate repartee, so delicately framed that the sufferers enjoyed it though at their own expense. He was utterly averse to that miserable spirit of aristocracy, which views his fellow beings, unless learned or rich, too humble for notice. The meanest laborer, the lowest outcast of society, never passed Mr. Merrill without a mark of recognition and a word of kindness. To little children he was always particularly pleasant. He would stop them in the highways and by the roadside, and cheer them with marks of kindness or something more substantial; and the last act of his life before his attack, which has a witness, was this delightful intercourse with childhood. Hundreds have felt and witnessed his kindness, and thousands will arise up and call him blessed. He was a member of the Historical and other Societies, and a liberal patron of all efforts of genius or useful undertakings. Amongst his other munificent acts was the founding and supply of a fine library in his own native village in Conway, and some of his nephews, are at the Colleges and Academies under his bountiful support.

Mr. Merrill was attacked by apoplexy, in his room, at about 7 o'clock, on Saturday evening, and lay undiscovered until 3 P. M., on Monday. He probably was insensible. He was not in the habit of communicating to any one his movements, and often went out of town without giving any one notice. His friends all supposed him absent from town, and his discovery at last was a mere accident.

The memory of the just
Shall flourish whilst they sleep in dust.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

ENGLISH POOR LAWS. The New York Evening Post quotes a paper in which reference is made to a humane clause inserted on motion of Mr. Bentwick, in the new English Poor Law Bill. The effect of the clause was to confer on poor old couples in the workhouse, when both were more than sixty years old, an absolute right of living together according to the laws of nature and religion.

It may be, says the paper above quoted, "that the people of this country have not attained so high a grade in civilization as those under the government of her British Majesty, but it is certain that with all the outcry made in this city against pauperism, there could not be found a corporal's guard to vote against so humane a proposition as that of Mr. Bentwick."

Driven by dire necessity to the Almshouse, as a last resort, who would have the heart to say to them, "the silken cord of love that has so long bound you together shall now be severed. Out upon such charity! it savors too much of heathenism to find favor in a Christian land. It prolongs life only to make it a burden and a curse to its possessors. Let merry England rejoice in such benevolence, but commend us to the charity that, while it nourishes and sustains the body, also finds a balm for the mind, shattered by cares and sorrows that the world knows not of, and thus makes the rugged paths of life smooth, and the road to the grave pleasant."

FRENCH MASSACRE IN COCHIN CHINA.—Our readers must be, by this time, generally familiar with the accounts of the late massacres of the Cochin Chinese by the French. It was done by Admiral Lapierre, and in punishment, as is said, for the ill-treatment received by the Catholic missionaries who were sent to convert them. We are told that the bishop of Samos was at the massacre.—What had he to do there? Was his a mission of mercy? Is it possible it should have been one of vengeance? These outrages, it is gratifying to learn, have produced disgust and relenting, among the better minds of the French capital. The *Presse*, a Paris paper, forming its opinions of the case from the official accounts of the French Admiral himself, utterly condemns his proceedings, as on his part altogether wanton and unprovoked. The *Presse* says:

"It was in the name of religion that our vessels approached Tomane, and there committed a terrific carnage, which nothing contained in the despatch can justify. And from whom did Admiral Lapierre receive his mission thus to command religious liberty? Do we still live in those days of barbarous fanaticism during which the inhabitants of the new world had only to choose between baptism and death? To carry into effect means so little in harmony with the spirit of charity was to do serious injury to religion itself, and, if our missionaries solicited the employment of such means or encouraged them by their presence, we fear not to predict that they are laboring for the complete destruction of their own work. Admiral Lapierre, no doubt, considered that he edified us when he informed us that those of our seamen who fell on the occasion received the consolations of religion from the Bishop of Samos, present at the massacre. But we are of opinion that it would have been still more edifying not to have put to death 1000 pagans, who might have been converted to the faith by preaching, without the aid of our cannon."

The petition of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, ex-King of Westphalia, to the Chamber of Deputies, praying to be allowed to reside in France, is likely to be granted.

The Paris Presse announces that the Emperor of Russia had determined to construct forthwith a vast line of railroads, to connect the three capitals of St. Petersburgh, Moscow and Warsaw.

PORTUGAL. Intelligence has also reached us from Lisbon to the 28th, and from Oporto to the 30th ult. The civil war is at an end.

BELGIUM. The Emancipation of Brussels of Sunday says:—According to accounts we have received from an undoubted source, the King of the Netherlands has had another relapse, and his health, which had previously excited some apprehension, is again in an alarming state."

HOLLAND. Serious disturbances took place in Groningen on the 28th ultimo, on account of the excessive dearness of food. The troops had to be called out.

SWITZERLAND. The Diet of the Swiss Confederation has just commenced its sittings at Berne under circumstances of great and peculiar interest. The contest which has been raging for some years in many of the Cantons is now about to be decided, or brought to a more formidable issue, by the federal authority. The party which has hitherto opposed a species of passive resistance to the Radical leaders has been subverted. It is now ascertained that of the twenty two cantons, twelve cantons and two half cantons will vote for the Radical measures.

MEXICAN WAR. Rumors are abroad that Gen. Scott entered the city of Mexico on the 17th ult. The probabilities are in favor of the correctness of this report, but the information is not so authentic as to be entirely confided in.

It is reported that there was a battle near the city; that the Mexican loss was great, and the American loss in killed and wounded about three hundred.

*** Several communications are on hand which were designed for this paper, but are necessarily deferred till next week.

☞ NOTICE. The gentleman who borrowed the Eighth Volume of Wesley's Works, from the Office of the Christian Register, is requested to return it.

☞ The same request is made respecting the *First* Volume of The "Modern Traveller."

☞ The same request is also made respecting the *First* "Volume of "Tucker's Light of Nature."

☞ The Worcester Association will meet with Rev. E. E. Hale in Worcester, on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 17th. HIRAM WITHINGTON, Scribe.

☞ WORCESTER WEST ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting at Templeton on Monday, Aug. 23d, at 4 o'clock, P. M.
HENRY F. BOND, Scribe.

☞ The Cambridge Ministerial Association will hold their next meeting in Weston, at Rev. Dr. Field's, on Tuesday, Aug. 10. WM. NEWELL, Sec'y.

☞ SALE AND TEA PARTY IN DORCHESTER. The Ladies of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester, (Rev. Mr. Pike's) propose to have a Sale and Tea Party in Richmond Hall, on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, the 19th inst. One half the proceeds to be appropriated to the cause of Domestic Missions, and the other half to benevolent and other objects at home.
Doors open from 5 to 9 o'clock, P. M. 2w a7

☞ The Ladies of East Needham, constituting a Social Benevolent Society, feeling that they have not sufficient calls upon their time, within the limits of their own town, desire to do something to relieve the destitute of the City. If any Societies or individuals will furnish them with cloth—or work—in any shape, they will consider it a favor, and be prompt in attending to it. All bundles may be sent to the store of S. G. SIMPKINS, 96 Washington street, directed to the subscriber.
CAROLINE W. H. DALL, Cor. Sec'ry.
E. Needham, Aug 2, 1847. 3wis aug7

☞ AUTUMNAL CONVENTION OF UNITARIANS. The next Convention will be held in Salem, to commence on Tuesday, Oct 19. The undersigned, appointed at the last Convention to make the necessary arrangements for the next, give this early notice to the Churches of our denomination, and would urge them to accept the kind invitation which has been tendered them by our brethren of Salem.

SAML. OSGOOD,
ALONZO HILL,
JAMES F. CLARKE,
ALBERT FEARING,
HENRY P. FAIRBANKS,
} Committee of Arrangements.

jy24

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Wednesday morning, by Rev. Dr. Young, Mr John W. Guierey, of Philadelphia, to Mary Y., daughter of William H. Prentice, Esq., of Boston.

By Rev. Mr Streeter, Mr John W. Norris, of Roxbury, to Miss Mary Hall, of Boston.

In Lynn, Mr James B. Davis to Mrs Emily Sheafe Glover, both of Boston.

In Andover, 19th inst, by Rev. Mr Taylor, Sidney Drinkwater, M. D., of Westford, to Miss Elizabeth Cummings, of A.

In Quincy, 8th inst, by Willian B. Dugan, Esq., Mr Samuel Harrington to Miss Mary A. R. Young.

In Newburyport, Mr Ebenezer Goodwin to Miss Mary Ann Pettingill.

In Andover, Mr George W. Hunt to Miss Arabella S. Lull, both of Methuen.

DEATHS.

In this city, 5th inst, of consumption, Miss Mary Hall, only daughter of Capt. William Hinckley, 28.

7th inst, James B., youngest child of Mr S. P. Farrington, 7 mos.

In Charlestown, 6th inst, Alonzo Wells, son of John and Sarah Colby, 15.

7th inst, Roger William, son of Nathaniel and Charlotte Sherman, 11 yrs. 5½ mos.

In Somerville, Mr. Jacob Rust, formerly of Boston, 47.

In East Boston, 9th inst, Mrs Mehitable, widow of the late Dr. Elisha Story, of Marblehead, and mother of the late Mr Justice Story, 89.

In East Cambridge, 10th inst, suddenly, of scarlet fever, Ann Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. W. Willard.

In Cohasset, (drowned,) on Thursday, 5th inst, Mr John Childs, 71.

In Cohasset, Aug. 2d, Miss Mary M. Lincoln, 40.

In Andover, 8th inst, Mr Joseph Shattuck, 90, a soldier of the revolution.

In Harvard, 1st inst, Ellen Clara, only daughter of Horatio and Clara M. Bateman, of Boston, 2 yrs.

In Brighton, 8th inst, Col. Charles Warren, 36.

In Haverhill, Mr Jesse H. Mitchell, 37.

In Eastport, 3d inst, very suddenly, Mr Abel Stevens, aged 67—supposed disease of the heart. He was sitting at the tea table with his family when he expired.

In Newport, R. I., Miss Ann Amory, daughter of the late T. J. Eckley, of Boston, 22.

In Worcester, Aug 8th, Dea. Azor Smith, of Wilmington, Vt., 65; 9th, Mr Simeon C. Sibley, 26.

REMOVAL.

Dr. Rufus E. Dixon,

SURGEON DENTIST,

HAS REMOVED

FROM NO. 7 WINTER STREET TO NO. 22 WINTER STREET,

ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

aug14 tf

WESTFORD ACADEMY. The next term of this School will commence, Wednesday, Sept. 1, under the charge of WILLIAM CUSHING.
Westford, Aug. 14, 1847. 3t

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF FENELON, with a Memoir of His Life by Mrs. Follen, 5th edition; with an introductory chapter by W. E. Channing, DD., and a likeness of Fenelon from the original picture by Vivian. Published and for sale in plain and extra bindings at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationery Store, 94 Washington street aug14

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CONTENTS OF PART I.

To be issued early in August.

The Playmate's Address, by the Editor. With a picture by Edward Weburt.
Traditional Ballads. Edited by Felix Summerly. Valentine and Ursine. With two Pictures by Henry Warren.
The Hermit: a Tale. Illustrated by a Dresden Artist.
The Three Sunbeams, by R. H. Horne. With Two Pictures by E. Duncan.
The Natural History of Birds, by Charlotte Smith. With an Illustration.
Little Freddy and his Fiddle, by A. L. Grimm. Translated by Madame de Chatelain. With Four Pictures by E. H. Wehnert.
The Month of May, by Mary Roberts. With a Large Etching by John Absolon.

The following Parts will contain

Articles by Mary Howitt, Felix Summerly, Mrs. S. C. Hall, John Edward Taylor, Meta Taylor, R. H. Horne, Madame de Chatelain, Ambrose Merton, Mrs. Harriet Myrtle, Charles Boner, Mary Roberts, Berthold Auerbach, Hans Christian Andersen, Mrs. James Whittle, and the Editor.

Pictures of "The Wolf and the Lamb," by Mulready; "The Muscipula and Robinetta" of Sir Joshua Reynolds; "The Church-Stile" of Sir Augustus Callcott; and others from Original Drawings by Redgrove, Townsend, Elmore, Absolon, Goodall, Pickersgill, Wenbert, &c., &c.

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jy24

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY. This work of 340 pages by Calvin Cutter, M. D., has passed through seven editions of 3000 copies each in less than two years. It is used in most of the Academies and select schools of New England and New York. It embraces 1, Anatomy with 200 engravings. 2, Physiology. 3, The laws of health. 4, The management of accidental diseases; as, the recovery of persons apparently drowned; the treatment of wounds, &c. It is used in the three State Normal Schools, the High Schools at Salem, Lowell, Worcester, Springfield, the Seminaries at South Hadley, East Hampton, Wilbraham, Pittsfield, Charlestown, Andover, Bradford, &c.
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aug7 2wis

PROSPECTUS.

THE

MASSACHUSETTS QUARTERLY REVIEW

WILL be published on the first of December, 1847, and continued on the first of March, June, and September.

It will be devoted to the interests of no Party, or Class, but its conductors will endeavor to present an open and fair field for the notice and discussion of matters pertaining to Philosophy, Literature, Politics, Religion, and Humanity.

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12 Water Street, Boston.

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July 31, 1847.

Dr. S. Stocking,.....Surgeon Dentist.

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POETRY.

[From Bowring's Russian Anthology.]

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

O'er the wide earth yon torch of heavenly light,
Its splendor spreads, and God's proud work unveils;
My soul enwraptured at the marvellous sight,
Unwonted peace and joy and wonder feels;
And with uplifted thoughts of ecstasy,
Exclaims, "How great must their Creator be!"

Or, if a mortal's power could stretch so high—
If mortal sight could reach that glorious sun,
And looked undazzled at his majesty,
'Twould seem a fiery ocean burning on
From Time's first birth, whose ever flaming ray
Could ne'er extinguished be by Time's decay.

There waves of fire 'gainst waves of fire are dashing,
And know no bounds; there hurricanes flame,
As if in everlasting combat flashing,
Roar with a fury which no time can tame;
Their molten mountains boil like ocean waves,
And rain in burning streams the welkin laves.

But in Thy presence all is but a spark,
A little spark, that wondrous orb was lighted
By Thy own hand, the dreary and the dark
Pathway of man to cheer—of man benighted;
To guide the march of seasons on their way,
And place us in a paradise of day.

Dull night her sceptre sways o'er plains and hills,
O'er the dark forest and the flaming sea;
Thy wondrous energy all nature fills,
And leads our thoughts, and leads our hopes to Thee.
How great is God! a million tongues repeat,
And million tongues re-echo, "God, how great!"

But now again the day-star bursts the gloom;
Scatters its sunshine o'er the opening sky;
Thy eye that pierces even through the tomb,
Has chased the clouds, has bid the vapors fly,
And smiles of light descending from above,
Bathe all the universe with joy and love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Continued from Register of June 5.]

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

John, with his nephew in his arms, stepped out at the door of the shop and looked after Edward, as he slowly moved down the street. Johnny's mother suspended her sweeping operations upon the house steps and sidewalk, to gaze after him, also. At her calling to John to know who the sick looking man who had passed, might be, the boy with the oil-pot popped his head out from the cellar entrance, and looked down the street; and at John's reply to her inquiry, two or three heads were protruded from the windows of the workshop above. At this moment Edward looked back, and notwithstanding his irritation at the sight of so many starers, he returned John's signal of farewell with a nod, and then passed on, with a quickened step and more erect form.

"He looks to me like consumption," remarked the sweeper, compassionately.

"He's as pale as a tallow candle," added the boy with the oil-pot.

"And was as rosy and fair as Mary Lee herself, two years ago."

"They say he han't held up his head, nor cared for nothing in the world, since she turned him off," said the boy, tossing up his brush, and catching it adroitly as it descended.

"I do n't know as she did right," said the woman, thoughtfully.

"Mary is a good girl, and I won't hear her blamed," said John. She kept on with him as long as there was any chance of bringing him round, you may be sure."

"Mr. John—d'ye know which side Harland is on? He'll be a voter, you know, next time—if he should live so long. He can't burn out 'fore then, I reckon, though he'll do his best that way—he's young, and strong."

"When they take to bad habits so young, they gen'lly can't stand it more than two or three years," said another. "It takes hold on 'em powerful strong."

"Six months younger than I, Harland is," said John, with a sigh.

"Looks ten years older," remarked the boy, balancing his brush upon the tip of his chin.

"Are you there, Ben!" said his employer. "Be steady to your work, boy; idleness is the root of all evil." Upon this hint, brush, broom and hammer resumed their activity, and John returned to his desk, commanding little Johnny to watch the front shop, and give notice of the entrance of customers, an office which he accepted with pride, for it was *glorious* to be useful.

Edward Harland was naturally affectionate and warm-hearted. As long as his feelings were influenced only by good examples, his very impulsiveness and want of consideration made him the more interesting. All his impulses were then good; or at least, he was never selfish or regardless of the happiness of those around him, in his excess of animal spirits and love of excitement. And even now, though his mind was corrupted by a course of reckless dissipation and determined thoughtlessness, his good feelings had been benumbed rather than extinguished. His heart, warmed by the kindly glow of John's good will, and softened by his appeal in behalf of his mother, was visited by strange and long forgotten thoughts and wishes. He had not the deadening influence of spirit or opiates to contend with, having purposely avoided it, that morning. As he dwelt upon the patient love and unvarying gentleness of his mother, from his infancy, he was moved to make some sacrifice of vicious inclination for *her* sake, if not for his own; and with a deep feeling of shame and sense of the degradation to which he had arrived, came a distinct, though faint purpose of taking some step towards reform. Some step, he knew not what, that should be a beginning, an earnest of gradual return. The question in his mind, was, what promise of amendment would it cost him least effort to fulfil? He hesitated to give up even the least of his pernicious indulgences; the snake-like bonds seemed to entwine themselves more closely round his free-will, the more he struggled with them. He loathed them, he feared them, he shrunk back from the gulf to which they were drawing him, and which his awakened mind saw more distinctly than usual. But it would have been been easier to shut his eyes, and plunge recklessly downward, than to decide on the first ascending step towards light and freedom.

In this wavering but thoughtful mood, he passed all his usual haunts and lounging places, and went home. His mother heard his step—he did not stumble at the entrance, and he took off his hat in the entry, instead of pushing it farther over his brows. She opened the door for him, with a smiling welcome; there was, however, a hurry and agitation in her manner, and a sickly, heart-broken sound in her voice, which made her cheerful words seem like reproaches to Edward. He answered with a tenderness of look and tone that was almost like his former self. "Dear mother," said he, "I have been a sad boy to you this long time; I am often sorry when I do not say so. Perhaps I shall mend, soon—I shall do better, yet—if—but—when—yes, very soon, very soon."

He stooped to press his cheek to hers as he spoke, as he was wont to do in happier days. The poor woman endeavored to look up and return his caress, but she could not control her emotion at his unexpected kindness; she burst into tears, and wept with loud convulsive sobs which seemed to rend her very heart. It was not the first time Edward had seen her weep thus. He had many times looked upon her tears with apparent indifference, and in his drunken state, with derision. Now he was sober, and in a better mood.

"Poor mother," he said, supporting her affectionately—"do not cry! Do n't sob so! I can't bear to hear you." Kind words from him had become so rare and strange that they made her tears burst forth afresh.

When the young weep, there are brightening hopes, and sunny joys to come, shining through the gloom of present disappointment, and time will speedily dry their tears, even against their will. But in the grief of age, there is something wintry and dismal; it is no transient cause that can wring tears from the eyes of the old, who have learned to look calmly at the common vicissitudes of this life, and to view with hope the final change. Edward knew that but for *him*, the old age of his parents would have been peaceful and happy, "a fair life's just reward."

"I think it would be better for you, if I were to go away from home, out of your sight," he said.

"O! no, no; do not go while I live. I am still your mother, Edward, though not the proud mother I once was."

"Nay, I may come back again, an altered man perhaps a rich one, and if I grieve you then, I hope I may ——"

"Stop, my dear son—I should believe you sooner without your swearing, if I could believe you at all."

"Not believe me? Will you not let me take oath that I —— I ——"

"No, I am not willing. To me, an oath is a solemn thing."

"It would help me to keep my promise, therefore and ——"

"Do not make any more promises, only to break them. The next temptation will carry away resolve, promise, oath, every scruple and doubt;—you will not resist a moment. I wish I had any hopes of you, Edward. I would cheerfully die, if I thought my death would take such hold of your heart as to turn you from your course."

"Oh, mother!"

"You know what it is that hardens your feelings, deadens your mind, kills everything. To-day you are more yourself, so that I can hardly help hoping for you. Yet tomorrow, perhaps to-night, you will be worse than ever, and deaf to everything, within and without. Don't you know it is so, Edward? Yet you have no fixed determination to abstain from it; can you say you have?"

"If ever I am unkind to you, mother, I am not myself, for you are the only one in the world that cares about me still. John Marshall, he is a good natured fellow, and he had something of the old school feeling left. But he despises me now, and I despise myself; I will not tell you why, for it would distress you, though I believe if I were to descend into the bottomless pit, your love would still follow me. For your sake, I wish to be better." A fresh burst of sobs from the heart broken mother, was answered by deep sighs, and at last tears, from the ruined son. She was soothed by his emotion, though it was but a transient, sympathetic feeling, and partly selfish, while she felt that her own sorrow was not for herself, and that it was wearing her into her grave.

"Edward," she said, pushing back her cap, "see how white my hair has grown. The neighbors all say I am very much broken. I must leave you soon. I will speak, while your heart is softened. I must speak. When I am gone, remember that you have another parent, and try to comfort the poor old man. Remember that he has much more to forgive in you, than you in him. Though a cloud has come between you and him, he loves you still."

"What! So stern. If he hated me, bad as I am, I should not wonder."

"He is stern only because you defy and disobey him."

"He says I am a shame and disgrace to him, and that it would be better for me and for him, if I had never been born."

"My son, he prays for you, night and morning, and I know not how often besides, he implores Him with whom all things are possible, to restore you to us. Often and often has he gone to his work from a sleepless pillow, his work which he no longer takes an interest in, since he has lost him for whom it was joy to labor, and to save."

"Poor father—he has indeed lost me."

"He and I often sit a whole evening without speaking, and when he takes the candle to go to bed, he says, 'Ah, wife—it did not use to be so, when Edward loved his home, and Mary used to bring her work of an evening, and sit and hear us tell stories of old times.'"

"Spend my evenings at home! Well, maybe I should to this day, if it had not been for those very stories about war times, and the silver mounted sword he used to show with such pride, that grandfather used to wear. He says it was my going to Madawaska that was my ruin, and the ruin of William Jones, and most all the boys that went from here, that were good for anything before they went. But let him deny, if he can, that I was brought up to think it a fine thing to be a soldier."

"Not by me ——"

"No. You said I could not be a Christian and a soldier too. True enough—it is a pretty queer kind of Christianity that can go with an army. And you may tell father from me, that ——"

"I am glad you have changed your mind about it, very glad. And as a Christian ——"

"I don't pretend to be a Christian. I am no infidel, I only feel that I have nothing to do with it. I am a cast-away. And if there were a war, I'd be a soldier yet."

"Oh! my son! God forgive you!"

"It is just the business for such fellows as I, and all I am fit for. We can fill a pit as well as better men, and all the moan made over us would be the counting of the killed, like so many shot pigeons or ducks."

"Horrible!"

"And as for what they say about promotion and reward, why, that is for gentlemen's sons, you see, let them be more dissipated and drunken than any in the ranks; and you may tell father, that he ——"

"No, I see by your looks it is no son-like message."

"I hear he has taken some measures about getting me on board a navy vessel, where the strict discipline, he thinks in his wisdom, may do me good. I know he'd like to have me get a few floggings with the cat, for my benefit. I thank him, I ——"

"I have heard of no such plan, but I suppose my consent would not be asked, any more than about your going into the army. I cannot be too thankful, that, low as you have sunk in vice, you have been more an enemy to yourself than to any one else, and have not the blood of your fellow-man on your soul. If you must harden your heart, let it be with rum rather than with blood. If you should die in your sins, which God avert, at least, *judgment without mercy* is for *them who showed no mercy*. while you have yet the feelings of a man and a son, and much left that a mother, at least, can love, shall I not hope there is something yet in you for God and good angels to smile upon? I will hope,—but oh, my dear, only child, will you not have mercy upon yourself? Open your eyes to your dark sins. Resolve bravely, strongly, truly, in earnest. Rouse your strength. You can break your chains if you will. Only *hope* that you can—hope brightly. Think how happy you would be, to respect yourself again, to have the respect of every body once more."

"O yes — yes, certainly," said Edward, walking about in a hurried and uneasy manner. "I can never feel as I used to, though, so it is of no use wishing. And as for the respect of the world, I see men no better than I having so great a share of it, because they have wealth to cloak their vices, and make them genteel, so I do n't think much of it. However, I do n't mean that a good character is not a good thing. I well know what it is worth—nobody better.—And I have always meant to reform—when I got ready."

"Then why not say now—*now* is the best time. *Henceforth no more drink stronger than coffee.* That will strike at the root of all, and make the rest of your task easy."

"Why, in my present state of health, I cannot get along without a little stimulus. I could neither eat nor sleep But as I get better, I ——"

"You were healthy enough once, Edward, without it. How I used to love to set your breakfast before you to see you eat!"

"Even then, you remember, I depended on cigars to help me digest my dinner."

"It was against my advice you learned to smoke and to chew. A good horse needs no spur if you do n't use him to it."

"Can't help it now. I have lost the digestive power, and must spur, and whip too, or sink. I cannot tell you, nobody that has not felt it can know the horrible depression of mind, the gnawing distress of body I feel when deprived of all means of stimulating. I am told it would cease after a while, but I believe I could not be thus two days without danger of suicide."

"Do n't admit the idea! But even now you are committing suicide slowly, but surely. The time must come when your jaded constitution will no longer feel the strongest stimulus, and then you must break down and sink into the grave, as many a young man has done before your eyes. But I shall go first. My heart will break. O, Edward!"

"My poor mother! Why should such a good woman be cursed with such a son as I am! I will try, for your sake. I will make up my mind to take nothing but from your hand. I may die under it, or even you may see the necessity of yielding a little. I will trust to your tenderness."

"O my dear, dear boy!" cried the mother, embracing him with tears of joy.

"I shall shut myself into my chamber, and this one thing I beg, that father may not come near me, for one month, at least."

"His heart will be with you."

"Next week I shall be ready. I have some few preparations to make."

"Now is the only moment you are sure of.—You know yourself, Edward; your resolution will be like the morning dew. Let me do every thing for you. You shall have books—every thing you can ask. I will do all."

"What I want done, you—you—can't do, and would not approve. But it is for the last time. When I once turn round, it shall be in earnest. Root and branch work I'll make of it. I will be good so far as I may. Nay, hear me, mother. Do n't be discouraged. All shall go well, believe me."

"How could I hope for one happy moment! Edward, Edward—you are not in earnest."

"I was. I am. I call ——"

"Hush! Call not upon his name; he sees your heart. It is even now at the gambling table, eager to snatch from others like yourself their ill-gotten gains,—yes, to obtain the means of vicious indulgence!"

"No,—it is for your sake, as well as mine, that I wish to leave off rich. I owe, besides, many small debts, some, even in my father's name. They must be paid, and my pocket full besides, before I give up."

"Edward, I will not argue with you now," said his mother, seeing that his mind was weak, and she might loose all by attempting too much.

"I do not ask you to determine to give up, but to postpone this matter, till you have become strengthened by the effort of conquering *one* appetite. I will give you every innocent indulgence. If your father will allow me, I will pay your debts. He will not forbid me to use what I will of his now unvalued earnings."

"Then get me fifty dollars this moment," cried Edward, with flashing eyes. "The sooner it is over, the better. I can do nothing till it is out of my head. I have dreamed of a run of luck every night for a week—and I am sure—*certain* I shall have it. Then I will come and put myself into your hands, as submissive as an infant." Get me the money."

"That she shall not," said a voice from an inner room, and the old man came to the side of his wife, and seeing her pressing her hands to her aching temples, and almost fainting with agitation, he begged her to go into the bedroom and lie down, leaving him alone with Edward. As she obeyed, she vainly endeavoured to catch the eye of her son, who, with a flush of shame or anger upon his brow, folded his arms, and assumed an air of dogged indifference.

[To be continued.]

THE PENNSYLVANIA PENITENTIARY.

The following is from a recent speech before the Prison Discipline Society, by Dr. Howe.

"Each prisoner had a little garden which was their own to cultivate, and though it was but fifteen feeet square, still it was a garden. * * God's universal sunshine that falls with equal warmth and brightness on the evil as the good, came also to this garden and animated and comforted the soul of the poor prisoner, and made him feel the constant presence of the universal Father and comprehend as he never had before the truth that

"Stone walls do not a prison make."

One prisoner whom Dr. Howe spoke of, had carefully cultivated his garden; he had a fine peach tree in it; he had watched it, and pruned it, and dug round its roots and watered them, and it thrived under his care. Think how he counted every leaf as it grew, how anxiously he watched for the hopeful blossoms, of his joy when he saw the fruit forming, and how anxiously he waited for it to ripen.

The poor prisoner's peach tree fulfilled all his hopes; it smiled on him in the spring in full blossom, it bore fine peaches, and each one seemed to him as a special gift from God. Only imagine the poor fellow looking at his peach tree laden with fruit. It must have said to him, Man may forget you, the very mother that bore you, may for a moment smile and seem to forget you, but the loving God ever remembers and blesses you."

Now what did the prisoner do with his peaches when they were ripe? Did he keep them for himself? Did he rejoice that now he might despise his coarse and homely fare, and feast all the time on peaches till they were gone? No! he had heard that there were some women in this mournful place, and he thought that they might be more wretched than he, and he sent a good share of his peaches to them. He gave some of them to his teachers, and he kept only a few for himself. Thus did he prove, as Dr. Howe beautifully said, that there had in the solitude of his prison sprung up in his soul, and blossomed and borne fruit, a tree of immortal nature." [Child's Friend.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

Hussein Bey, a young son of Mehemet Ali, died recently at Paris, where he had been sent to be educated. His body was conveyed to Alexandria. The following are the ceremonies that were observed at his funeral.

The deceased was landed from the French government steamer Osiris, on the 21st. of May, and interred in the family cemetery on the following morning at nine, A. M. During the interval, minute guns were fired from the admiral's ship in the harbor, and were continued until the remains reached their final resting place. All the shipping in harbor and the European consular establishments hoisted their various national flags half-mast high; and indeed every manifestation of respect on the part of the public was shown by closing all their places of business and otherwise.

The funeral, which was the most gorgeous spectacle of its kind that has for many years been seen in this part of the East, was arranged in the following order:

1. One hundred camels laden with bread, provisions and water, in two lines.
2. A number of bullocks and sheep, driven by butchers, to be slaughtered, according to the custom of the country, at the place of interment, for distribution among the poor.
3. Six regiments of soldiers with arms reversed, and bearing the usual insignia of mourning.
4. The National Guard in two open lines, between which, in procession, were the household officers, in their beautiful state uniforms.
5. The principal native merchants, bankers, &c., all dressed in the Nizan costume, with white mourning turbans.
6. Twelve boys in two files, each bearing a copy of the Koran, on a brilliant salver, covered with elegantly embroidered white, and scarlet satin napkins.
7. Naval and military officers.
8. The native clergy, with white mourning turbans.
9. Twenty-four men, dressed in embroidered satin robes, bearing incense in chastely designed gold and silver vases.
10. One hundred blind boys, in white surplices, who chanted the usual funeral song, (which seems so closely allied to the Irish funeral cry.)
11. The ministers and chief officers of state in two lines, between which was the bier, covered with the richest Cashmere shawls and borne by twenty boys.

This was followed immediately by his Highness Said Pacha, as a chief mourner; and immediately following, by the European consuls general, a body of French naval officers in uniform, and the principal European merchants.

These, again, were closed up by a body of troops.

The order of the procession throughout was maintained with the greatest regularity, and its general effect was peculiarly imposing. Scarcely an accident occurred—a fact strikingly singular, where there was an accumulation very little short of fifty thousand persons, and a large proportion of these *nearly* savages. By one of those happy schemes for which these people are remarkable, the rabble was entirely kept away from the procession by an officer, who rode considerably in the rear, and who distributed quantities of small coin along the lines.

Extra services have since been performed both by day and night at the family mosque, and the populace are nightly regaled with coffee and pipes at the grounds adjoining the cemetery.

THE BOTTLE-TIT AND NEST.

We have been particularly pleased with the delicate structure, and peculiar form of the nest of that pretty little bird, the "Bottle-tit," or Long-tailed Titmouse," (*Paurus caudatus;*) it is known by other local names, as "Jack-in-a-Bottle." "Bottle-Tom" &c.

This elegant little animal is about five inches and a half in length. The bill is very short, the head round and covered with rough erect feathers; it has a very long tail, whence its specific name. It is of a brownish color, with black feathers in the tail, edged with white. It is most commonly found in low, moist situations that are covered with underwood, and interspersed with lofty oaks or elms. Its nest is generally placed in the forked branch of a large tree overhanging the water, and it lays from twelve to eighteen white eggs, spotted with rust color, at the larger end, which are smaller than any other British bird, with the exception of the golden crested wren.

This bird, says Graves, "is almost incessantly in motion, running up and down the branches of trees in search of food, which consists of the smaller species of insects, also the larvæ and eggs of those that deposite them in the crevices of the bark. In the winter, they associate in small flocks of from eight to twelve, and sometimes more, and are kept together by their continual chirping. Like the nest, their colors assimilate so nearly with the white moss, abundant on trees at that time of the year, that were it not for their note, it would be difficult to find them. Owing to the length of tail, its flight is undulating and irregular, but most usually very quick, seeming to pass through the air like an arrow." Jesse remarks that the bill becomes harder in the winter than in the summer, as it is then more worn in the act of obtaining food from the frozen ground and hard wood. The sight of this bird is remarkably acute. It flies with the greatest quickness among the branches of the trees, and its food consists in a great measure of small insects only to be discerned with a microscope.

Its nest is one of the most delicate and curiously constructed of all birds. It is much in the form of a bottle (whence the provincial name of the bird has been derived) with an opening at the side near the top. The outer portion is composed of white and gray tree lichens, in minute pieces, intermixed with the egg nest of spiders, which are composed of a kind of gossamer or down-like envelope, of a small size, but somewhat resembling the cocoon of a silk worm, and are found attached to the branches of trees, &c., enclosing the eggs of the insect. A very interesting description is given of them in the volume on Insect Transformation in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. [Home Magazine.

Good Advice to Young Women. Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourselves for every emergency in life. Learn to work and be not dependent on servants to make your bread; sweep your floor, and darn your own stockings. Above all, do not esteem too lightly those honorable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you caress, and receive into your company, those lazy, idle poppinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves, as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get funds sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at this subject in the way we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic, with not a cent to commence life, to the fashionable loafer, with a capital of ten thousand dollars. Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a young lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents turn out to be a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lover and examining the cut of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they have trades, and can depend upon themselves—see that they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin and soft delicate hand, the splendid form and the fine appearance of the young gentlemen. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

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jy3 tf

IMPORTANT CORRECTION. It having been reported that I have relinquished the practice of Dentistry, I would respectfully beg leave to state, that it is not only my fixed intention to prosecute my profession with my usual zeal, but that I have associated with me my brother-in-law, FRANCIS WHITMAN, favorably known to this community, who has been engaged in my establishment for several years past.

I would also beg leave to state that in consequence of having discovered and demonstrated to the world a means of annihilating pain, an extensive correspondence has thereby been opened between our transatlantic brethren and myself, and that through this channel I often receive communications from distinguished members of the Dental profession in Europe, which materially aid me in my practice, by which means, in addition to my former facilities, I am possessed of all the recent improvements in Dental Science, both in this country and in Europe. W. T. G. MORTON.

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